

THE CITIZEN

Devoted to the Interests of the Mountain People

Knowledge is power—and the
way to keep up with modern
knowledge is to read a good
newspaper.

Vol. XV. Five cents a copy.

BEREA, MADISON COUNTY, KENTUCKY, SEPTEMBER 11, 1913.

One Dollar a Year.

No. 11

Opening Term

All the Mountains Represented in Berea's Great Procession

Did you see the procession? Wasn't it great? Such young people, and so many! These are the folks that will make a new South!

Every boy and girl represents a family, and some a whole country!

The Grand Army of the Republic is the veterans who have done things—these are the recruits that are going to do things!

Such were the exclamations from windows and sidewalks as the band music floated out, and the banners waved, and a thousand students marched to the Chapel to begin the Fall Term.

The procession was arranged by departments, the young men preceding the young women in each department, and the College occupying the position of honor at the rear, followed by their Faculty and the University Officers, so that the procession began with the youngest boys in the Foundation School and closed with the President and Dr. Roberts.

Following the Foundation School came the Vocational Schools, those taking courses in agriculture, carpentry, home science, nursing, business, followed by the Faculty and Dean Marsh.

Then came the Academy with its Faculty, headed by Dean Matheny. Prof. Seale of the Academy Faculty acted as marshal.

Then came the Normal Department with more students in line than ever before, followed by its faculty and the new Dean, Dr. McAllister. Prof. Lewis of this department also acted as marshal.

The last of the departments was the College.

When the first students reached the Chapel door the procession paused and the two lines fell apart, leaving the sidewalk vacant. President Frost and Dr. Roberts then marched forward between the two lines and as they passed the people behind fell in to follow them, so that those who had marched last in the procession were the first to enter the Chapel.

It would have been impressive if the procession could have been made up by states and counties. Every

county in Eastern Kentucky was represented and most of them by large groups of students in all departments. Clay County, for example, had its Ben Collins, the great athlete in the Collegiate Department, and other representatives in the Normal, Academy, Vocational and Foundation Schools.

But Kentucky was not alone; there were perhaps a hundred students from North Carolina and half as many from the Virginias and Tennessee.

Nor were the northern and distant states left out. Ohio has a great delegation in all departments and others came from Maine at the east, Texas and Florida at the South, and Wyoming at the West.

It was gratifying also to note that the country nearer Berea was better represented than in some previous years. It has always seemed a strange thing that people come from these great distances while some near neighbors neglect the chance to put their children in the line of progress and promotion.

Altogether such a procession is a noble exhibit of the power of the institution, the devotion of parents and the aspirations of youth.

The Chapel worship was conducted by Prof. Seale, and President Frost made the usual announcements.

The four special precepts which he gave out as key notes for the new term were these:

First, Know Thyself.

Second, Be Faithful in Small Things.

Third, Be no Complainer.

Fourth, Do what you do with all your might.

A most pleasant feature of the opening exercises was the singing of a new song—four lines—called "The Glad Enlistment." These lines contain about as much joy and religion as any four lines we remember, sung to the tune of "Missionary Chant."

THE GLAD ENLISTMENT

Thy message, Father, moves my heart—

In God's great kingdom I've a part: We'll praise and serve and trust and love,

In earth below and heaven above.

THIS ISSUE

Special attention is called to the article on page 3 by Professor Arthur T. Hadley of Yale University on the privileges and burdens of Education.

We continue this week the article by Eugene Christian on What, When and How to Eat. In this article Mr. Christian writes with particular reference to safeguards for health of business men.

An interesting description of how the ambitious boy can make a water motor is given on page 7.

Andrew Carnegie, famous for his many and generous gifts to the world, urges total abstinence as the only safe course. Read the part of his address to young men on this subject given on page 2.

Old Philadelphia.
A book printed in England at the end of the seventeenth century says that Philadelphia contained many stately houses of brick and several fine squares and courts. Between the principal towns the "watermen constantly ply their wherries." There are no beggars to be seen, nor, indeed, have any the least temptation to take up that scandalous life.

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WORLD NEWS

TRouble AT SANTO DOMINGO

The report that the city of Puerto Plata was being shelled by Dominican gunboats, endangering American lives and property, caused the State Department to send hurry-up orders for the cruiser Des Moines to proceed to Santa Domingo where a rebellion is now in progress.

WILL JAPAN WAR ON CHINA?

The assassination of Mortario Abe, Director of the Political Bureau of the Japanese Foreign Office, resulted in a great mass meeting of fifteen thousand people at Tokyo, who sent a delegation to the foreign office demanding that troops be sent to China to take such measures as were necessary for obtaining satisfaction. The London newspapers regard the situation as interesting, and consider that a fleet may be sent to the Chinese coast. The Japanese government has taken the matter up with China.

HUERTA AIDS AMERICANS

The Mexican Government promises first-class transportation to any Americans who wish to leave that country, paying the difference between that rate and the accommodation that the U. S. Consul was able to supply.

LLOYD GEORGE STARTS LAND CAMPAIGN

David Lloyd George, Chancellor of the British Exchequer, will inaugurate his great land campaign October 11th, at the same time that the committee appointed to study the land question issues its report. It is understood that this report will recommend the adoption of small holdings, reforms in the condition of farm workers, fewer hours of work, more holidays, and a reasonable rate of wages.

BRITISH FOOD

An American who made a tour of 4,500 miles in Great Britain, has stirred up the English papers by his statement that while the scenery is fine, it did not counterbalance the vexations experienced from the wretched rooms and worse food that he received at the hands of the hotel-keepers. His criticisms have called out a large number of similar criticisms of the average British innkeeper and the fare he serves to his patrons.

MEXICAN SLAUGHTER

An entire company of Federal soldiers

Continued on Page Five

Berea Welcomes Her Students

Everybody welcomes the coming of the students.

It is a pleasant excitement to see the crowds coming up from the station and the pilgrims who came in on foot, on horseback and by wagon.

Not only do the teachers and old students welcome the new comers, but every citizen of Berea is glad to see you. We all have an interest in the students.

The students will find the families of the town most friendly, and the merchants and business men most honest and honorable. Very rarely do we meet one who would cheat a student, or tempt him, or speak any word to make him homesick or dissatisfied.

We wish you success!

Pay the Preacher

THE CITIZEN recently saw the report of an association of churches in a Southern State. There were 21 churches reporting, and the salaries of the preachers ran from \$36 a year up to \$360, the total amount paid the eight men who served the 21 churches bring only a trifle above \$1,200.

Among the members of those 21 churches there were, of course, many poor people, but they contained numerous citizens whose incomes run from \$800 to \$1,000. Probably the members of those 21 churches have property so that they pay in taxes four or five thousand dollars at the least. Ought they not to pay more to the preachers?

We do not believe any man ought to preach for money but we do not believe any man can live without money. All these preachers have to get a living, and they have to do outside their preaching. This means just so much less strength and time for the work of the church. These churches show the result of this neglect; they are all withering away.

If we wish our communities to be built up and our families to enjoy the privileges of the gospel we must "bring all the tithes," and make all the sacrifices necessary, and give the preacher a chance to live while he works. "Even so did the Lord ordain that they that proclaim the gospel should live of the gospel." 1. Corinthians, 9: 14.

Eastern Kentucky Caves

Nature's Hidden Beauty—A Lost Man's Rescue.

C. S. Knight.

I promised to tell you something about the four caves on the north slope of Pine Mountain and I will try and do so now.

Mr. Cleveland Frost, our advance agent, Mr. Marion Reed, several young men of the neighborhood and I started early in the morning of Aug. 12th for the caves and after a walk of about a mile and a half began our climb up the grand old mountain that stretches away east and west as far as the eye can see. Up among the great trees we climbed while the landscape spread itself larger and larger before our view and hills piled upon hills away into the misty distance till they became only a blue haze on the horizon.

After climbing steadily for perhaps thirty minutes we reached the narrow entrance of Buckeye Cave and dropped dripping with sweat beneath the grateful shade of the great cold rocks. Here lanterns were lighted and after a sufficient cooling off we slipped one by one into the narrow rift that leads into this small but interesting cavern. Every where were the evidences of the action of water. The floors and roof were

Continued on Page Five

Widow McQuary

Heroine of Pulaski County—Her Son and Daughter.

Geo. Candee

The McQuaries were a well-to-do prominent family living in Pulaski County about 14 miles northward from Somersett, the County seat. William, the son, was the magistrate in his precinct. His home was a third of a mile away, joined the old home where the mother and maiden daughter still lived.

The McQuary family had been reading the New York Tribune from "way back." This was why their home was open to anti-slavery propagandists. In the fall of '57, soon after our marriage, wife and I wended our way from Oberlin—thru Berea, of course—to the McQuary neighborhood to start a free school and establish a preaching place. We found a very comfortable log school house already standing on the McQuary farm and under the control of the McQuaries. It was at our command.

We were operating under the auspices of the A. M. A. and proceeded at once to canvass the neighborhood for school children. These we found in good numbers. They and their parents joined the movement very readily. The children had no school books. We sent and got some very soon.

It was a most pleasing sight to see the joy of the children when the readers were distributed among them. It was a more pleasing sight to witness the progress they made in their primary studies.

While things were moving smoothly on Miss McQuary took my wife and self and a visitor to see a famous cave which is less than a mile from her home, and which is worth mentioning.

Continued on page five

UNITED STATES NEWS IN OUR OWN STATE

BIRTHDAY GIFTS

Mrs. Russell Sage celebrated her birthday by giving \$34,000 to Syracuse University, \$10,000 to the Home Association, \$10,000 to the Orphans' Home, and the same amount to the First Presbyterian Church of Syracuse which was her girlhood home. Mrs. Sage's gifts to Syracuse University now amount to \$270,000.

RAIN IN THREE STATES

Showers are reported in many parts of Kansas, Oklahoma and Missouri. Southern Kansas and northern Oklahoma received the heaviest rainfall. The rains brought relief from the extreme and untimely heat.

PASSING THE TARIFF BILL

On the 9th of September the Tariff Bill over which Congress has been working all summer, passed the Senate by a vote of forty-four to thirty-seven. All three parties were represented in the vote for the bill. The large majority of Republicans voted against it, and also two Democrats. President Wilson expressed pleasure at the outcome. The bill represents a reduction of nearly 28 per cent from the existing rates.

SECRETARY OF THE INTERIOR STRICKEN

While reviewing a parade at Oakland, California, on the 9th inst., the Secretary of the Interior, Franklin K. Lane, fell in a faint, the result of overwork and a weak heart. The case is not serious, absolute rest is demanded.

SHOVELS QUIT PANAMA CANAL

Work on the Panama Canal is ten days ahead of schedule time. The excavation by dry shoveling is ended. The workmen are engaged in removing steam shovels, thirty-six miles of railroad track and in general cleaning out the Culebra cut, preparatory to turning water into the channel on the 5th of October. Drilling and blasting are going on loosening rock and earth for the work of the steam dredges which will do the remainder of the excavation after the water has been let in.

TENNESSEE LEGISLATURE

Special sessions of the Legislature of Tennessee showed a reduced Democratic margin, and it is possible that Gov. Hooper may be able to secure the passage of his bills, including a group that gives the Governor power to enforce existing laws. The fight that is going on in Nashville against the open saloon in violation of the statutes, will help materially in the passage of these measures.

HOME OF DANIEL WEBSTER

The old New Hampshire farmhouse near Franklin, N. H., in which Daniel Webster was born, has been repaired and restored to look as it did when Daniel Webster was born in 1782. At that time it was the farthest north of any house in New Hampshire. Here the great constitutional lawyer learned to read with the most marvellous voice at the knee of his mother. A great celebration by the Daniel Webster Birthplace Association marked the restoration of the old home.

DO WE LOSE THAW?

The report prevails that Harry K. Thaw purposes to become a British subject if he gets free from the clutches of the law. It is expected that it will take at least a year to get a final decision in his case.

EXPLORING THE AMAZON

An exploring party of the University of Pennsylvania, headed by Dr. Farabee, is now at the headwaters of a northern branch of the Amazon, near the borders of Guinea, about 2,000 miles from the mouth of the Amazon. This region is almost wholly unknown to white men. They expect to reach a tribe of Indians, the Arawak, that was in existence when Columbus discovered America.

The expedition expects to open up regions that have hitherto been untraversed.

WILL MRS. PANKHURST BE RECEIVED?

Newspapers are discussing the question whether Mrs. Pankhurst by her various arrests has put herself in a class of undesirable aliens, and would be refused admission by the immigration authorities in the event that she makes her proposed visit to the United States in October.

AUTO AND TRAIN COLLIDE

As a result of a collision between an automobile and a New Haven train at a crossing near South Norwalk, Conn., September 9th, three persons were killed and one injured.

The Citizen

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KENTUCKY PRESS ASSOCIATION.

UNCLE SAM, LUMBERMAN.

Among the other varied activities Uncle Sam finds it to his advantage to engage in the lumber business. His success in the fiscal year ended June 30 last, surpassed all previous records. Receipts from the national forests were nearly \$2,500,000, of which about one-half was for timber. Contracts negotiated for the sale of timber, some to be cut in future years, totaled \$4,000,000. The payment on these contracts, however, will be deferred in most instances until the timber is cut and sold by operators. The government's receipts are thus influenced by the state of the market, for the sale of the timber depends on demand. However, since 1906, when the forest service was placed in full charge of the national forests, the amount of timber cut has shown a steady advance. The gain in receipts from timber was checked only in 1900. The loss, however, was more than made up in 1910. Government timber will be more in demand as private sources of supply diminish. It now appears that the national forests will be depended on for an increasing amount of lumber. An aggressive conservation policy which provides for the reclamation of additional land and the reforestation of barren areas should show a considerable return in revenues from the sale of timber.

OSLER PHILOSOPHY.

A few years ago the startling assertion of Dr. Osler that the usefulness of life ended at sixty years of age startled the world. The assertion did not check the energetic young fellows of sixty from going right ahead and doing things without a thought of the chloroform bug. The doctor may have intended that his utterances should be taken in a scientific Pickwickian sense, for in meeting him one would never believe him responsible for such a grim edict. Now that Dr. Osler is himself approaching the "age limit," he may modify his original statement, and with the honors of knighthood "thick upon him," Sir William Osler may take a brighter purview of long life as the sunset of sixty approaches. One bit of philosophy lately advanced by Dr. Osler seems destined to live to bear good fruit. There is no use, he remarks, in worrying about yesterday and tomorrow—today is what we must take care of. When one stops to think of it, most of our real worries come from regrets for misspent yesterday, or from apprehensions of possibly unhappy tomorrows, little realizing that between the sunset and sunrise of today lie all-important and imperative duties, says a writer in the National Magazine. Dr. Osler insists that when one starts the day with the first two hours going right, smooth sailing for all day is forecasted. This reminds me of the admonition of dear old grandfather, who used to say: "Never get up in the morning without a hearty laugh. If you can't think of anything humorous, tickle yourself." In other words, let your day begin with a temperamental sunrise, for cheery words and thoughts constitute a radiant dawn that grows on into noonday brightness, whether the weather outside be indicative of gloom or a threatened tempest.

A West Virginia man claims to have discovered that by treating the common firefly or lightning bug with a secret chemical preparation he can procure a light not inferior to that supplied by the tungsten incandescent lamp. His home, it is reported, is illuminated with the new light, the insects, captured by hundreds and chemically treated, being hung up in globes. Wouldn't he be a benefactor if he could discover a chemical that would get some good out of the mosquito?

NUTS TO CRACK

Man wants but little here below par.

Opportunities always shrink with old age.

True greatness never goes to a man's head.

Beauty is only skin deep, especially if a girl hasn't any money.

Youth is a sprinter, but Old Age overtakes him in the long run.

Many a man is as good as his word, whose word isn't good for anything.

The high cost of living doesn't bother those who can beg, borrow or steal.

It sometimes takes as much courage to keep out of a fight as to win one.

Some people are never satisfied. They even want to make hay when it rains.

Virtue isn't going to take people to heaven until it has been thoroughly tested.

At any rate there is a lot more satisfaction in spending as you go than in lending.

The higher education sometimes demonstrates that the more we know the less we believe.

The people who jump out of the frying pan into the fire had no business in the frying pan in the first place.

LITTLE THINGS WORTH KNOWING.

The southern ocean is the deepest.

Newfoundland has 40,000 square miles.

The polar regions are said to cover 4,888,800 square miles.

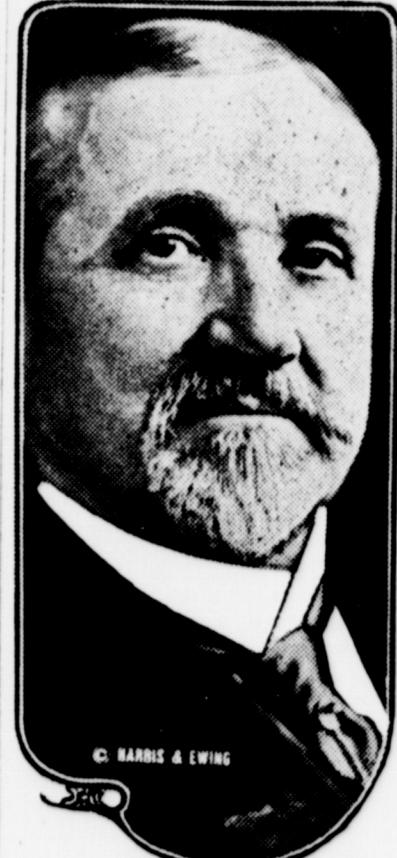
The island of Manhattan covers twenty-two square miles.

France is the greatest wine producing country in the world.

The wireless record is 3,600 miles, between Long Island and Berlin.

The desert area of the earth is said to be 4,180,000 square miles in extent.

JOSEPH A. GOULDEN



Mr. Goulden, who represents the twenty-third New York district in congress, served four previous terms, retiring for a time at the close of the last session of the sixty-first congress. He is a Democrat.

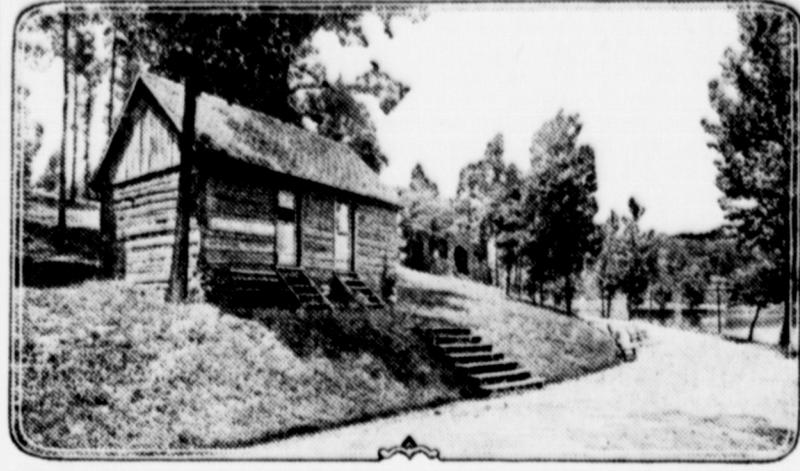
HEALTH HINT FOR TODAY.

Worry in Sickness.

When an animal is sick it does not worry about it nor about the outcome. Its mental attitude does not hinder nature's healing processes. It goes into the sunshine, takes the rest cure and stops eating and recovers. But if we have rheumatism in one joint we expect other joints to become affected. We worry about it. It is, of course, well established that the right mental attitude assists in cure, and it is equally important to understand that the wrong mental attitude hinders health restoration.

Benson, imagination and will power are big factors in the restoration and maintenance of health. Every one should know the laws of suggestion and apply them in relation to health. Discover what habits of living—exercise, breathing, diet, mental habits, especially—are conducive to health. Live hygienically and expect health, happiness and success. The right mental attitude is vitally important.

CABIN IN WHICH FAMOUS SEA FIGHTER WAS BORN NEAR KNOXVILLE, TENN.



ONE of the interesting things seen on the grounds of the National Conservation Exposition in Knoxville, Tenn., this Fall is the little old log cabin in which Admiral Farragut, that famous Union sea fighter, was born near Knoxville. Farragut in the dark

INTERNATIONAL SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON

LESSON FOR SEPTEMBER 14

THE TEN COMMANDMENTS

Lesson Text—Ex. 20: 12-31.

Golden Text—Thou shalt love the Lord Thy God with all thy heart, with all thy soul, and with all thy strength, and with all thy mind; and thy neighbor as thyself. Luke 10: 27.

The Ten Commandments are God's great finger-posts pointing the paths of safety and happiness for men of all ages and of all races. It is no easy thing for one unguided to find his way over the mountain roads of Kentucky, Virginia or North Carolina. The paths and roads turn and twist; the thickets, the great forest trees, and the mountains rearing skyward, make it impossible for one to see where the path will lead. A guide is needed; someone who knows the country. The night may be coming on with storms and a shelter is desired. Some paths lead along the edge of mountain cliffs, and they are full of danger; others among pitfalls, and the haunts of vermin, snakes, wild beasts. Just so over the hills of life the paths become obscure, confused, or dark. Out of his great goodness our Heavenly Father points the way to human happiness and to a home with God by these commandments.

"Drinking is a dangerous habit very likely to cause grievous results, all agree; that it can cause no beneficial results all agree. It is therefore, the part of wisdom to abstain from the habit that might work evil and can do no good. That no ill effects are visible from indulgence during the vigorous period of youth renders the danger of serious consequences in after life still greater than if the ill effects were visible from the beginning."

"Viewing you as young steeds training for the race of life, I know of no one habit so likely to defeat you in the contest as the drinking of alcoholic liquors. That taken in excess they destroy the character of men and render them useless members of society you all know. The line between excess and sufficiency is so narrow that it is very seldom the drinker knows and observes it. Better be on the safe side. Why run into danger? As no possible good can result from indulgence, no risk should be incurred."

"In the stern game of life you have to play you can afford to throw no advantages away. I put the case to you simply as a matter of policy. There is one habit—and that the greatest danger in front of you—against which you can protect yourselves completely in the campaign of life. It is good sense for you to do so."

"Drunkenness is the great rock ahead in the career of every young man. It is far more important you insure yourselves against it than against death. A drink policy is worth ten life policies in this case. Abstain and evade the danger."

CARNEGIE IS A TOTAL ABSTAINER FROM LIQUOR.

Words of Warning to Young Men From Ironmaster.

Andrew Carnegie, LL. D., lord rector of St. Andrew's university and, as he is referred to in the land of his birth, "the laird of Skibo," is a total abstainer from the use of alcoholic beverages. He is such an ardent advocate of total abstinence that he pays 10 per cent more than the agreed wages to each employee on his Skibo estate who does not drink during the year. In an address to young men recently Mr. Carnegie said:

"The first and most seductive peril and the destroyer of most young men is the drinking of liquor. I am no temperance lecturer in disguise, but a man who knows and tells you what observation has proved to him, and I say to you that you are more likely to fail in your career from acquiring the habit of drinking liquor than from all other temptations likely to assail you. You may yield to almost any other temptation and reform—may brace up and if not recover lost ground at least remain in the race and secure and maintain respectable position. But from the insane thirst for liquor escape is almost impossible. I have known but few exceptions to this rule."

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BOY SCOUTS AND BRYAN.

They Indorse the Secretary's Total Abstinence Principles.

A company of boy scouts recently called on Secretary of State Bryan to present an engrossed copy of the following resolutions:

Having just celebrated Mothers' day, it is fitting and proper that we should enlist under our mothers' banner in the war against the demon of strong drink; therefore be it

Resolved, That we, troop 16 of the Ingram Memorial Congregational church of Washington, D. C. do hereby indorse the action of our secretary of state in his brave stand against King Alcohol and his hosts.

The secretary was highly pleased with the testimonial and thanked the boy scouts for the resolution. He said in part: "I appreciate the compliment which you pay me in indorsing what I have done in regard to serving liquor at the table. If since I have grown to manhood I had ever felt tempted to begin the drinking of liquor I would have been restrained by the feeling that my act might injuriously affect some who look to me for an example, and I have felt that more especially in public life, for as one becomes better known his example has more farreaching influence. I shall feel that I have not lived entirely in vain if by abstaining from the use of intoxicating liquors as beverages I have given strength to any one to help him resist temptation."

The Truth About Alcohol.

Frederick Peterson, M. D., professor of psychiatry at Columbia university and ex-president of the New York state commission on lunacy, has the following printed on his prescription blanks:

Alcohol is a poison.
It is claimed by some that alcohol is a food. If so, it is a poisoned food.

The daily regular use of alcohol, even in moderation, often leads to chronic alcoholism.

One is poisoned less rapidly by the use of beer than by drinking wines, gin, whisky and brandy.

Alcohol is one of the most common causes of insanity, epilepsy, paralysis, diseases of the liver and stomach, dropsy and tuberculosis.

A father or mother who drinks poisons the children born to them, so that many die in infancy, while others grow up as idiots and epileptics.

In Central Park, New York city, a little plot called the "Garden of the Heart" contains 500 different varieties of flowers, various conditions requisite to the flourishing life of widely the maintenance of a rockery and an artificial lake. School children are to be encouraged to visit the garden for the purpose of learning to distinguish the different plants. In the pavilion near by there is soon to be displayed a collection of 1,900 different insects that the park entomologists have come into acquaintance with while engaged in their duties incident to the protection of the flowers and plants in Central Park. It would seem that systematic instruction of school children by labeling plants in the public parks would be worth more than it would cost.

Though the modern college graduate knows all about everything, he is discreet enough to conceal the fact from the crude person to whom he applies for a job.

Considering the kind of language some men use over a telephone, it is a safe bet that not all the shocks a telephone operator gets are off the switch board.

"Bolt of lightning penetrates gas pipe." But it didn't penetrate the meter.

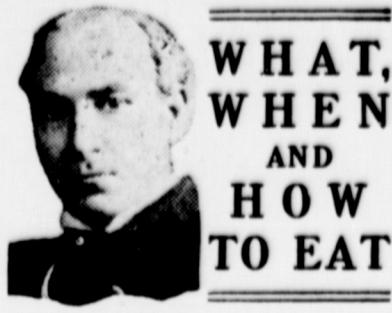
A police dog at a show in Philadelphia tried to seize the judge of the class by the throat. This should have disbarred him. For a police dog to try and throttle justice is a particularly bad showing.

Lesson for September 21st. The Golden Calf. Temperance lesson. Ex. 32.

B. H. Roberts.

In a New York factory loft the other day the proprietor announced a half-holiday for his employees, and they scampered out to find that the building was on fire and burning so briskly that their means of escape would have been cut off in a short time. Had they been informed of the fire there might have been panic and delay and consequent casualties.

The proprietor was a man of tact.



The Best Business Man Is One Who Safeguards His Health.

By EUGENE CHRISTIAN, F. S. D.

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THE things that go to make up a good business man according to popular opinion is the establishment of great industries, building up great enterprises and the accumulation of money.

A careful review of the history of business men who have made a success along these lines shows that the majority of them sacrifice their health and their lives to their business.

All effort and work of every kind have for their excuse immunity some day from work and worry, but the average business man permits his business to create and augment the very things he is trying to get rid of. In the final analysis, therefore, men who sacrifice their health to their business are not good business men.

The man who from a cheap tin store founded "The Fair" in Chicago and allowed the business to dethrone



his reason and send him to an insane asylum before he was sixty could hardly be considered a good business man. President Roberts, who arose from the ranks of a car wheel moulder to the presidency of the Pennsylvania railroad and died from work and worry at the age of fifty, was not a good business man, and so on.

Money Not the Only Thing.

The accumulation of money and the founding of great industries are prerequisites only and by no means the most important ones of the good business man, for what profiteth a man to make a seven figure fortune—to put in motion a million spindles, to chain continents together with cables, to flash his voice over oceans and continents on waves of common air, to make the ocean's billowed bosom a commercial highway, to transform the excent into a palace and set it on wheels and hitch it to the lightning, to build skyscraping structures of stone and steel, to burrow in the earth for coal and gold until his name is known around the world and his fortune is a power in the land—what boots it, I say, to do all these things and glide blindly into the shambles of disease and furnish a fashionable funeral at forty?

The unfortunate thing is that the business man sits him down and weaves about himself the mesh of a prison. Every year puts in a new bar, every month a new bolt and every day a new stroke that rivets around him what he calls business until he feels and really thinks he cannot escape.

A Good Business Man.

A good business man is he who can direct the wheels of industry, who can draw a trial balance between his income and his expenses—in short, who can cash in his experience and at the same time measure his own ability on the yardstick of endurance.

He is a good business man who gives as much study to the laws governing his own body as he does to the organization of his business, and in the final windup I doubt if he would not consider himself a better business man flat broke and in good health at ninety than sojourning in a sanitarium with a

million at his call, but out of the fight at fifty.

The routine life of the average business man is about as follows:

He arises between 6 and 7 a.m., takes no exercise or fresh air, but partakes of a breakfast composed largely of acid fruits, cereal starches, meat, eggs and coffee, then goes at once to his business, sits at a desk until noon, takes luncheon at a neighboring cafe, which is composed of meat, cereal or potato starch, beer or coffee, and hurries back to business, sits at his desk five or six hours longer, hurries home, partakes of a dinner composed of more meat, more starch, more tea or coffee—no exercise, no diversion, no association with great authors, no music, no poetry, no change.

Repeated Warnings Neglected.

If he has an ill, headache, sour stomach, indigestion, a tinge of rheumatism, dizziness, intestinal gas, insomnia, nervousness or any one of the hundred symptoms or warnings that nature gives him for the violation of her laws, instead of thinking a little and trying to ascertain the cause, he sends with pride for his physician, and his physician prescribes something in a dead language, and the local druggist sends over the medicine, and it is swallowed with that childish confidence that fits becomes the modern business man, who knows a great deal about business but absolutely nothing about himself.

The days and months go on; the symptoms or signals become more numerous, more expressive, more impressive, more painful; his physician is called more often; the dead language paper goes to the druggist oftener than it used to. With faith he still swallows the medicine. It may relieve him for a little while, usually by paralyzing the little nerve fibers that are carrying to the brain the messages of warning.

After awhile, however, his physician acknowledges defeat and prescribes a trip or a sanitarium. It is either this procedure or the fate that befell Messrs. Roberts, Field, Colonel Ingesson and the uncounted thousands who had no reputation or wish to herald their death.

A Few Menus and Suggestions For a Good Business Man.

FALL AND WINTER. SPRING OR SUMMER.

BREAKFAST I. A cup of hot water or thin chocolate; a small sauce dish of whole wheat boiled until very soft (five or six hours) or flaked wheat, half coarse wheat bran thoroughly cooked; one egg boiled two minutes, eaten from the shell with butter and a hard cracker, or a small baked potato; one or two exceedingly ripe bananas peeled and baked in an oven ten minutes, served with a little butter or cream; a glass of cool water or thin cocoa.

BREAKFAST II. Very ripe berries or cantaloupe; baked sweet potato; a banana broiled in butter or, if very ripe, taken uncooked with cream or cream cheese; thin coco or cool water.

LUNCHEON I. Winter squash, carrots, parsnips or turnips; baked potato or baked beans; a bit of lettuce or celery.

DINNER I. Cream or vegetable soup; carrots, parsnips, turnips, beets, cabbage, cauliflower, squash (any two or three of these); tender fish or chicken white meat; baked potato, navy or Lima beans, or kidney beans; muffin cheese with hard cracker or a small service of homemade ice cream if something sweet is desired.

In cases of fermentation or intestinal gas ice cream should be omitted.

Simple Rules of Health.

If there should be a tendency toward constipation a heaping tablespoonful of coarse clean wheat bran should be cooked and served as an ordinary cereal with each meal. A tablespoonful uncooked should be taken just before retiring.

Don't allow your business to become your master.

Don't discuss business at home or in social life.

Take a cool shower bath and vigorous exercise and deep breathing before an open window the first thing upon arising.

Partake of a very light breakfast an hour after arising, no bread or meat.

Walk to your business if possible; breathe deeply on the way.

Don't wear woolen underwear; dress as lightly as possible.

Take an hour for luncheon, omit coffee, tobacco, beer and sweets.

Keep your office well ventilated.

Secure competent help and trust it.

Don't eat too many things at the same meal.

Leave your office early enough to walk home or at least part of the way.

Masticate your food infinitely fine and by all means do not overeat. This is the crowning sin of the civilized table. We usually eat as much as we want, then call into activity another set of taste buds by forcing on the appetite another kind of food.

Take from ten to fifteen minutes' exercise before retiring. Sleep in a cold, thoroughly ventilated room. Spend as much time as possible in the sunshine and open air. Play golf, join a gymnasium, dance, sing, kick and play with the boys, for it is infinitely better to dig in the ditch for your dinner and to be able to digest and enjoy it than to lie invalid in your self-made prison, perhaps die, and probably if the truth were written on your tombstone it would read:

There was a fool who made a fortune,
But he died.
The world called him great.
But it lied.

Privileges of Education Mean an Extra Burden

By President ARTHUR T. HADLEY of Yale University

WE live in an age of reform movements. There is on all hands a zeal for the kingdom of God such as recent generations have not witnessed. The HOPE OF LIFTING HUMANITY TO A HIGHER LEVEL appears to have taken hold on a larger section of mankind than it ever did before. The ranks of the reformers are recruited from as many different elements as were the ranks of the disciples of Jesus.

Some are moved by selfish hope of personal advancement; some by mere love of excitement; some care so much for the broad objects which they have in view that they LOSE SIGHT OF ALL BESIDES. Surrounded as he is by disciples of this kind, the WORK OF THE TRUE REFORMER IS MISUNDERSTOOD both by his friends and by his enemies—sometimes, I am sorry to say, even by himself.

GOD OFFERS THE EDUCATED MAN A BURDEN AND A PRIVILEGE. HIS BURDEN IS TO HOLD HIS FAITH IN THE DAY OF ITS PROSPERITY, UNSUPPORTED BY THE ILLUSIONS OF THE CROWD AND UNDAUNTED BY ITS ERRORS.

His privilege is to HOLD HIS SAME FAITH IN THE NIGHT OF HIS ADVERSITY, when illusions have vanished and the courage that depended on them is dead and the crowd shrinks from the penalties which the errors of the day have brought in their train.

A Popular Fallacy That We Are Safe From Invasion

By Captain HUGH D. WISE of the Third United States Infantry

IT IS A POPULAR FALLACY IN OUR COUNTRY THAT OUR DISTANCE FROM PROBABLE ENEMIES GIVES US SECURITY FROM ATTACK. NOTHING COULD BE MORE FOOLISH THAN THIS UNTHINKING FAITH.

India and the Transvaal were farther from England, and Tonquin was farther from France than we are from Europe, but distance did not save those places from invasion and conquest. Distance alone will not grant us immunity from European aggression.

The fact that the COMPLICATED STATUS OF EUROPEAN POLITICS renders European countries exceedingly cautious about embarking on war is a most fortunate circumstance for this country. Yet to depend for our national safety upon such an uncertain thing as the status quo of European politics is too chimerical to be seriously considered.

Of him who imagines that we can whip the world let us ask whether he has ever coldly compared our military conditions and our fighting power with those of possible enemies. That we are vulnerable to foreign attack is a fact TOO WELL KNOWN TO THE GREAT POWERS TO WARRANT OUR TRYING TO DECEIVE THEM. Such an ostrichlike performance obscures the vision of no one but ourselves and deceives only our own people.

Both Germany and England have their transatlantic trade vessels plying between America and their own ports which could at a single sailing to our shores ONE HUNDRED AND FIFTY THOUSAND TRAINED TROOPS equipped in every detail, and to oppose such armies we have in the United States thirty thousand regular mobile troops and a little over one hundred thousand of the organized militia, the latter being as heterogeneous as the states from which they hail.

American Women Most Beautiful

By PAUL HELLEU, Famous French Etcher and Painter

THE AMERICAN WOMEN ARE THE MOST BEAUTIFUL IN THE WORLD. THERE IS THE GREATEST QUANTITY OF BEAUTIES THERE, AND ALSO THE LARGEST PROPORTION OF THE WOMEN ARE BEAUTIFUL.

I found beauty as COMMON AMONG THE MIDDLE CLASSES AND THE POOR WORKING PEOPLE as on Fifth avenue, and shop-girl beauty is just as noticeable as that of society women.

The SOCIETY WOMEN ARE NOT COLD, as is thought by the French. They are enthusiastic, only they display an exclusive taste in emotions. They are as well dressed as the Parisiennes and are FAR HEALTHIER, taking more baths. They have at once the force of health and the grace of feebleness.

A FEW BARGAINS IN REAL ESTATE

No. 1. One large, two-story, concrete store house in best business part of Berea. Cost \$2,500. Make us an offer.

No. 2. One brand new six room dwelling (will be finished September 1) only one-half square to public school. All plastered, finished in hardwood, four grates and cabinet mantels. Also a large basement about 22x24 feet, and two porches. Can be bought for \$1,600.

No. 3. We have several nice residences on Jackson street at prices from \$1,200 to 5,000.

No. 4. We also have several Blue Grass farms in Madison and adjoining counties which we can deliver—worth the money. Also several business propositions in Hardware, Dry Goods, Groceries, etc.

Tell us what you want, and we shall try to please you.

Bicknell & Harris
Berea, Kentucky

SIX DOORS

FOR ASPIRING YOUNG PEOPLE

1st Door—Berea's Vocational Schools

Training that adds to your money-earning power, combined with general education.

FOR YOUNG MEN—Agriculture, Carpentry, Printing, Commercial.

FOR YOUNG LADIES—Home Science, Dressmaking, Cooking, Nursing, Stenography and Typewriting.

2nd Door—Berea's Foundation School

General Education for those not far advanced, combined with some vocational training. No matter what your present advancement, we can put you with others like yourself and give chance for most rapid progress.

3rd Door—Berea's General Academy Course

For those who are not expecting to teach and who are not going through College, but desire more general education. This is just the thing for those preparing for medical studies or other professions without a college course. It also gives the best general education for those who wish a good start in study and expect to carry it on by themselves.

4th Door—Berea's Normal School

This gives the very best training for those who expect to teach. Courses are so arranged that young people can teach through the summer and fall and attend school through the winter and spring, thus earning money to keep right on in their course of study. Read Dinsmore's great book, "How to Teach a District School."

5th Door—Berea's Preparatory Academy Course

This is the straight road to College—best training in Mathematics, Sciences, Languages, History and all preparatory subjects. The Academy is now Berea's largest department.

6th Door—Berea College

This is the crown of the whole Institution, and provides standard courses in all advanced subjects.

Questions Answered

BEREA, FRIEND OF WORKING STUDENTS. Berea College with its affiliated schools, is not a money-making institution. It requires certain fees, but it expends many thousands of dollars each year for the benefit of its students, giving highest advantages at lowest cost, and arranging as far as possible for students to earn and save in every way.

OUR SCHOOL IS LIKE A FAMILY, with careful regulations to protect the character and reputation of the young people. Our students come from the best families and are earnest to do well and improve. For any who may be sick the College provides doctor and nurse without extra charge.

All except those with parents in Berea live in College buildings, and many assist in work of boarding hall, farm and shops, receiving valuable training and getting pay according to the value of their labor. Except in winter it is expected that all will have a chance to earn a part of their expenses. Write to the Secretary before coming to secure employment.

PERSONAL EXPENSES for clothing, laundry, postage, books, etc., vary with different people. Berea favors plain clothing. Our climate is the best, but as students must attend classes regardless of the weather, warm wraps and underclothing, umbrellas and overshoes are necessary. THE CO-OPERATIVE STORE furnishes books, toilet articles, work uniforms, umbrellas and other necessary articles at cost.

LIVING EXPENSES are really below cost. The College asks no rent for the fine buildings in which students live, charging only enough room rent to pay for cleaning, repairs, fuel, lights, and washing of bedding and towels. For table board, without coffee or extras, \$1.35 a week, in the fall, and \$1.50 in winter. For furnished room, with fuel, lights, washing of bedding, 40 to 60 cents for each person.

SCHOOL FEES are two. First a "DOLLAR DEPOSIT," as guarantee for return of room key, library books, etc. This is paid but once, and is returned when the student departs.

Second an "INCIDENTAL FEE" to help on expenses for care of school buildings, hospital, library, etc. (Students pay nothing for tuition or services of teachers—all our instruction is a free gift). The Incidental Fee for most students is \$5.00 a term; in Academy and Normal \$6.00 and \$7.00 in Collegiate course.

PAYMENT MUST BE IN ADVANCE, incidental fee and room rent by the term, board by the half term. Installments are as follows:

	FALL TERM	ACADEMY	
	VOCATIONAL AND FOUNDATION SCHOOLS	AND NORMAL	COLLEGE
Incidental Fee.....	\$ 5.00	\$ 6.00	\$ 7.00
Room	5.60	7.00	7.00
Board 7 weeks	9.45	9.45	9.45
Amount due Sept. 10, 1913.....	\$20.05	\$22.45	\$23.45
Board 7 weeks, due Oct. 29, 1913	9.45	9.45	9.45
Total for term.....	\$29.50	\$31.90	\$32.90
If paid in advance.....	\$29.00	\$31.40	\$32.40
<hr/>			

LOCAL PAGE

NEWS OF BEREAL AND VICINITY, GATHERED FROM A VARIETY OF SOURCES

DR. BEST,

DENTIST

CITY PHONE 153

Office over Berea Bank & Trust Co.

DAN H. BRECK
Fire, Life, Accident, and Live Stock
INSURANCE
Will sign your bond.
Phone 505 Richmond, Ky.

L. & N. TIME TABLE

North Bound, Local
Knoxville 7:00 a.m. 10:55 p.m.
BEREA 1:07 p.m. 3:52 a.m.
Cincinnati 6:30 p.m. 7:45 a.m.South Bound, Local
Cincinnati 6:30 a.m. 8:15 p.m.
BEREA 12:34 p.m. 12:33 a.m.
Knoxville 7:00 p.m. 5:50 a.m.

Express Train

No. 33 will stop to take on passengers for Knoxville and points beyond.

South Bound

Cincinnati 8:00 a.m.

BEREA 11:55 a.m.

No. 32 will stop at Berea to take on passengers for Cincinnati, O., and points beyond.

North Bound

BEREA 4:45 p.m.

Cincinnati 8:50 p.m.

Better furniture at Welch's (ad)

Mrs. Tarlton Combs returned the first of the week from a two weeks' visit with children in Ohio. Mr. Combs met her in Cincinnati and returned with her.

Miss Pearl Hill left Sunday for an extended visit with her parents in Bethany, W. Va.

Mr. W. J. Boggs of Hindman, Ky., is visiting at the home of his sister, Mrs. Holliday.

Get that stove at Welch's. (ad)

Miss Lucy Holliday left at the first of the week for Pineville, Ky., where she has a position as a teacher in a private school.

Mrs. Laura Jones solicits your millinery trade for the coming season. Special prices to students and former customers. Chestnut St., Berea. (ad)

Mr. Ray of Hyden, Ky., made a visit to Berea recently.

Quite a large number of the members of the Union Church and several invited friends enjoyed a very pleasant and social evening Thursday on the lawn of Dr. and Mrs. Roberts' home. The evening was spent in social conversation and was brought to a happy close by the serving of ice-cream and cakes.

Mr. S. S. Ward, of Somerset, spent Wednesday in town.

Have you seen Welch's new Dry Goods and Gents' Furnishing Department? (ad)

Mr. John Gabbard who has been confined to his bed for several weeks is able to be out again.

Dr. Marcus, of Irvine, came to Berea to place his daughter in school.

Our Fall and Winter Fashion display of novelties in Ladies' Hats, Flowers and Feathers is now in progress.—Mrs. Jennie B. Fish. (ad)

Carrie Tevis Prather was ill for a part of last week and the first of this.

Mr. Charles Preston has about completed the very attractive residence that he is building for Mr. W. O. Hays at the end of Estill St.

It's no odds what you want you can find it at Welch's (ad)

Mr. R. R. Coyle will soon enter his new house on Big Hill Pike. It attracts a good deal of attention and will be in every way a pleasant home. This house was built by Mr. Charles Burdette.

Miss Annie Martin of Cincinnati will trim for Mrs. Laura Jones, Milliner, this season.

Miss Bertha Robinson, who has been visiting in Lexington, returned home last week.

Mr. and Mrs. Kinnard of Berea were in this vicinity a few days ago.

A fine boy arrived at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Sherman Settle about two weeks ago.

A Rebuff.

"Do you think your father would like me as a son-in-law?"

"Yes. I believe he would."

"Oh, joy! I"—

"Papa and I never agree about anything you know."

SEE CLARKSTON FOR
WHEAT DRILLS

MAIN STREET, Near Bank

Daily Program

To Assist Students in Berea in Punctuality and the Best Use of Time the Following Bells Will Ring:

6:00 A.M., Rising Bell. Toilet, Devotions, Room work
6:30, Breakfast. (Warning 6:28, tolling 6:28)
7:30, MORNING STUDY HOURS. (Warning 7:23, tolling 7:28)
8:25, Second Lesson Period Bell. (Warning 8:18, tolling 8:23)
9:25, Chapel Worship. (Warning 9:18, tolling 9:23)
9:45, Office hour for Deans, Treas., etc.
9:45 and 10:45, Lesson Periods.
11:45, Close of Study Hours.
11:55, Lunch. (Warning 11:50, tolling 11:55)
12:45, AFTERNOON STUDY HOURS. (Warning 12:38, tolling 12:43)
1:40, 2:40, 3:40, Lesson Periods.
5:55, Dinner. (Warning 5:50, tolling 5:53)
6:30, Vesper Hour.
7:30, NIGHT STUDY HOURS.
9:30, Warning for Curfew.
10:00, Curfew, Extinction of Electric Lights.

Sunday Program

Breakfast 7:00, Sunday School 9:45
(Church services 11:00), Noon meal 12:30,
Quiet hours 2:00-3:30, Night meal 5:30, Ves-
per Hour Prayer Meetings 6:15 to 7:15,
Chapel 7:30.

STOVES

Stoves, Stoves, Stoves, Stoves,
Stoves, Stoves, Stoves, Stoves,
Stoves, Stoves, Stoves, Stoves,
Stoves, Stoves, Stoves, Stoves,
Stoves, Stoves, Stoves, Stoves,WELET'S
THE DIFFERENCE

REGISTRATION FIGURES

Late Wednesday evening the number of students registering in the various departments for the Fall Term was found to be as follows:

Men	Women
College 27	36
Normal 47	38
Academy 61	147
Vocational S. 32	40
Foundation S. 78	134
Model School 77	95
Total	812

Others were waiting to enter when the registration offices were closed.

DEATH OF MRS. STEENROD'S FATHER

Mr. and Mrs. Steenrod started for Dayton, Ohio, Saturday last on receipt of news that Mrs. Steenrod's father, who was in the hospital for operation, was in a dangerous condition. While waiting at the station for the train, a telegram came to Mrs. Steenrod announcing his death. The sympathy of her friends is with her. The ailment resulting in his death was caused by privations thru which he passed at the time of the flood last spring.

The chemical expert who told the house painters assembled in convention that there is very little pure white lead in these days reported a melancholy fact, but when he went on to laugh at the idea of painters being poisoned by white lead he took a position in which many whose judgment is based on their own observations would not sustain him. It is risky for anyone having to do with even impure white lead to fall into careless habits and ignore sanitary precautions.

BE SAVING OF THE WATER

The supply of water from the College springs is growing alarmingly deficient, and the drought in other places warns us to be careful.

Till further notice water will be cut off except at these hours:

5:00 to 8:00 a.m.
11:00 a.m. to 1 p.m.
4:00 p.m. to 7:00 p.m.

It is for the welfare of all Berea that every effort be made to save water. BE SURE NO FAUCETS ARE LEFT OPEN. One may turn the faucet when there is no water and carelessly leave it, then when the supply is turned on it will run off itself and much be wasted before any one notices to turn it off.

For washing, watering stock, and common uses every one should resort to wells and cisterns. We shall all suffer if the fire protection fails, or the supply of mountain water for drinking and cooking.

All lawn watering, and use of water for factories, is cut off.

We probably have enough water if EVERYBODY will be saving. Will YOU be saving?

The Love of a Woman.

If I loved a man I should love him so completely that I should never think of anything in which he had not the first and greatest share. I should see his kind looks in every ray of sunshine. I should hear his loving voice in every note of music. If I were to read a book alone I should wonder which sentence in it would please him most. If I plucked a flower I should ask myself if he would like me to wear it. I should live through him and for him. He would be my very eyes and heart and soul.—Marie Corelli.

A Visit to "Monte Cristo's Cell." Steamboat excursions run from Marcellus to Isle d'If, where gaping tourists are shown the Chateau d'If and Monte Cristo's cell with as much impressiveness as if he had really existed. It is a wonderful tribute to the realism of Dumas. They even show you the place where Monte Cristo's body struck the water. It is still wet. Monte Cristo is much more of a reality than Mirabeau, who actually was imprisoned there.—From "Three Weeks in France."

COLLEGE ITEMS

Miss Welsh came back a few days earlier than usual and spent the time with Mrs. Frost in hanging pictures in different College buildings. The dining rooms at the Boarding Hall are now very attractive, and there are still more pictures to be hung as time permits.

Mr. Arthur Frost, Superintendent Edwards' assistant, will occupy the east side of Rogers House.

Dean McAllister will occupy the Rogers House Annex.

Mrs. Knight failed to find recuperation in her visit North this summer and is quite ill so as to be unable to attend the Convocation at opening of term.

Prof Seale has just visited Lincoln Institute to look after the sewers and other engineering matters.

Miss Douglas and Miss Shewell are Teachers in residence at Putnam Hall.

Mrs. Holdeman has her sister, Miss Sinclair as teacher in residence with her at the Dodge House.

Miss Eyer and Miss Martindale, the new instructor in Organ and Piano, are teachers in residence at Gilbert Cottage.

Miss Boatright has as her fellow teacher in residence at Prospect Cottage Miss Beck who comes as training teacher, and was formerly at the head of the work at Friends College, Wichita, Kansas.

The annual receptions in Men's dormitories come next Monday from 3 to 5 p.m., the ladies of each department calling at the men's dormitories.

The Foundation School Dormitory Committee is Edwards, Arthur Frost, May, and Durham; College, Todd; Normal, Smith; Academy, Peck and Hancock; Vocational, Clark, Huff and Baird.

Prof Rigby has gained 15 pounds while taking his meals at the Boarding Hall the latter part of the summer!

Mrs. Frost has been appointed Acting Director of Home Science, without salary or teaching, but as general adviser and head of the Department.

Mrs. Whyland has been engaged to assist Miss Boatright in the first and second grades of the Model School. The pupils now in these grades are so varied and irregular that special work is required to get them in shape for work in the new building.

The new schedule of hours involves some changes, but it secures four very great benefits:

First it makes a two hour daylight period in which all students are free to do manual labor; second, it provides one or two daylight hours for every student for outdoor exercise or gymnasium; third by shifting the hours for different departments it enables all to have their turn in the gymnasium; and fourth it makes it certain that there are some students free from school duties and ready for manual work at all times of day so that our various industries can be kept in continuous operation.

Mr. Branson, who taught last winter in the grades, was taken to the hospital Saturday. He had a temperature of over a hundred degrees for several days, but we are glad to report he is somewhat better.

Miss Alice Donnigan returns to her work in the College after a year's absence. Her many Berea friends are glad to see her back.

BEREA MARKETS

Beans.....10 cents per gal.

Butter.....15 and 20 cents per lb.

Eggs.....18 cents per dozen.

Chickens, fryers.....10 cents per lb.

Hams.....20 cents per lb.

Tomatoes.....50 to 60 cents per bu.

Potatoes.....\$1.00 per bu.

Apples.....40 to 60 cents per bu.

Harts, Sept. 8.—The rain that fell here today caused smiles on every one's face for it was needed very badly.

Mrs. T. J. Lake and her sister, Mrs. A. C. Hart, are visiting their mother, Mrs. Peter Barclay at Red House.

The Misses Gertrude and Velva Bratcher of Silver Creek were quietly entertained at the home of Jas. McQueen, Sunday.

Mr. W. B. Lake who is in the Portrait business will be this week at these points: Robinet, Goochland, Cooksburg and Brush Creek.

The Misses Ella Ely Lake and Daisy Lake have just returned from Brodhead where they attended the Teachers Institute.

Mr. T. J. Coyle went to Waco to buy watermelons and reported much success.

Mr. L. O. Lester is planning to go to Hamilton, O., where he will make his home.

Mr. O. M. Payne went to Berea, Saturday, on business.

Holt and Owens passed here today enroute for Berea.

Mrs. J. E. Hammond visited her father, John W. Lake, Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Jasper Burnell of Berea visited their daughter, Mrs. Tom McQueen, Sunday.

Levi McClure was at this place, Sunday, to attend Sunday School.

Tom Dougherty made quite an enjoyable trip to Valley View to visit his daughter, Mrs. Smith.

The Citizen

Tells the News

In School and Out of School

You Should Take It Because It is Worth \$2 BUT YOU Can Get It for \$1

COLORED NEWS

Mrs. Sarah Ballard spent the day Sunday with her mother, Mrs. Geo. Goodloe.

There were a good many people from this place who attended the association at New Liberty church last week. There was good preaching each day and night.

Mrs. Mary Mitchell spent Sunday with Mrs. Sallie Ballard of Berea.

Mrs. Amanda Yates who was visiting relatives and friends in Berea last week returned to her home in Richmond Saturday.

Mrs. Charley Bronaugh and family left Saturday night for Madisonville, Ohio, where she will spend a week with her father, Mr. Tom Dewitt and many friends.

Mrs. Bettie McBain and Mrs. Christiana Kennedy spent Monday with Mrs. Lean Williams.

Mr. Karl Walker left last week

The Citizen Knife

The Citizen is sharp, and it has a good bargain for its subscribers who like a sharp knife. Any subscriber to THE CITIZEN who pays his dollar for first payment or renewal can have a dollar knife extra by paying 25 cents extra. Razor steel, white or black rough horn handle—Looks like this.



GET ONE TODAY

EASTERN KENTUCKY CAVES

Continued from page one

the cave begins with a great room forty feet in size and from this room a great rough rudely decked passage leads down and down into the heart of the mountain. To right and left smaller passages lead off into the silent darkness and now and again from some yawning black hole comes the murmur of water dashing along far below and stones thrown in give back a hollow roar as they go bounding down echoing dungeons till they come to rest in some subterranean pocket far from the prying eyes of mortal man. Here and there stalactites hang from the walls and ceiling and stalagmites lift their blunted forms from the rugged floor. At the far end of one long passage near the moulding remains of a leech which must have been old before the war, we came upon a fine deposit of pipe clay and several members of the party paused long enough to secure enough of this guiltless element to carve out souvenirs of our visit. Forty minutes served to explore this cave and after taking several kodak pictures at the mouth we scrambled along the side of the mountain to water cave, from whose cold recesses a sparkling stream comes gurgling out into the sunshine.

From this water cave we climbed up the face of a nearly perpendicular rock that leads to Sampson cave. The only possible way of reaching this cave is by means of poles and by clinging like flies to narrow ledges and niches in the weatherworn stone where the slip of an inch would mean a fall of forty feet or more to the boulders below. We made the ascent one by one until we stood upon the narrow shelf from which the cave is entered, and such an entrance! First a narrow hole, scarcely fifteen inches in diameter, then the passage enlarges a little only to become so small that one has to work himself forward inch by inch. It was an amusing sight indeed to those of us who finally reached a breathing space to see one after another of our companions come wriggling like ground hogs out of that narrow hole in the pale light of our lanterns and the old cave echoed to many a peal of hearty laughter as streaked with mud, hats and puffing they came slowly into view. At last all were inside and for an hour we clambered over rock masses, crept along the slippery edges of crevices, explored winding passages, crawled into dark holes, slid down precipitous slopes and flashed our lights into great echoing chambers whose downward ceilings gave back our footsteps like the echoing arches of some dimly lighted cathedral. It was in this cave some years ago that one member of a party got lost. The others thought he had gone ahead of them but going home and not finding him they refilled their lanterns and secured several spools of white line thread and went back in search of the missing explorer. Fastening one end of their thread outside the cave they went from passage to passage until they found the place where their friend scratched a rock with his boot heel, in sliding down into a dark passage. No one had ever been down there before and they did not know what to expect, but leaving one of their number to guard the entrance they slid down and found another passage that turned back under the main channel of the cave. So down this passage they hurried, slipping and stumbling over loose stones and wading in icy water until they found him huddled upon a ledge of rock which he had managed to warm up slightly with a poor fire of dry wood that soon went out. He had been there all night when they found him and his feeling through those long silent hours can be imagined better than described for he knew that with his lantern empty and only a few broken matches his fate was sealed unless some one should come and find him. The welcome he gave his rescuers was but little less enthusiastic than the one they offered him.

Walking until we were weary we finally made our way back to the entrance, crawled through the narrow hole, worked our way along the ledge and slid down the poles to safety and making our way down the

mountain we bade farewell to our companions and were soon back at camp.

With best wishes to you all, I beg to remain yours most truly.
C. S. Knight.

WIDOW MC QUARY

Continued from First Page

In a few feet from its mouth the cave opened into a great room, fifty to a hundred feet high and of equal width and two or three hundred feet long. There is a succession of rooms, diminishing in size as you go further in.

But how gorgeously these rooms are adorned with innumerable clean, almost white stalactites, hanging down from the ceiling above, glistening in the light of the torches like so many icicles. These are of all lengths. Several of them, are six feet long with corresponding stalagmites below; some of these in very curious and interesting forms.

The only signs of life we saw were large white crickets and bats. The bats hung down from the ceiling in great clusters or bunches like honey bees when they are out on a swarming occasion.

Our torches consisted of tallow candles wrapped with several thicknesses of dampened cotton cloth. These were convenient to carry and gave an excellent light.

O, what a beautiful world to live in if the people, all, were as beautiful to each other as mother nature is to them! Never mind, the good time is coming! Jesus taught us to pray for it and He is on the Throne now hearing and helping us to answer our own prayers. Much ground had been gained since fifty-five years ago! Listen!

Fifty-five years ago chattel slavery reigned in Pulaski County, and though the McQuary neighborhood was largely a non-slaveholding community the fact of its entertaining a free school and preaching by an anti-slavery preacher from the North was unbearable to the slaveholding element.

We were boarding at widow McQuary's. She soon began to hear rumors of dissatisfaction, and finally came a report that "THEY" were going to have a Canee pulling at her house. The school still went on apparently undisturbed, indicating that the parents of the children were not in the Canee pulling enterprise.

Rumors had quieted down until one

dark night in early evening the McQuary quiet home was startled by a volley of guns fired in the front yard near the door. The scamps who fired the guns immediately fled down the road and gathered in the old ladies' barn yard where she had a young spirited horse running at large. I went out the back door and sauntered down inside the yard fence to a place opposite the barn yard and listened. Directly another volley of guns was fired. I could hear the horse tearing around the yard in great fright. I had noticed that the guns were fired toward the sky, and probably without lead. So I called out to the Canee pullers that they better not fire their guns in the barn yard; they would scare the old ladies' horse to death. They evidently thought they were detected—scared at "my gentle voice" to a humiliating surrender. For they came back to the house and plead guilty of no harm.

But Squire McQuary soon appeared on the scene with his double barrel gun to square things with bullets and shot if need be. He gave those young fellows some strong advice and they sneaked away.

But a greater surprise awaited the McQuaries and their northern boarders. In a few nights they were awakened to witness the burning down of their school house. Squire McQuary appeared again with gun in hand to square up with the incendiaries if he could identify them. They were not to be seen.

But what a pitiful sight the next morning to witness the weeping of

DAILY PROGRAM, BY DEPARTMENTS. 1913-14

DEPARTMENT	DAY	7:30	8:25	9:45	10:45	12:45	1:40	2:40	3:40	4:40	6:30	7:30-9:30
COLLEGE and ACADEMY	Monday	Study	Study	Study	Study	Labor	Labor	Exerc.	Exerc.	Exerc.	Recre.	Study
	Tuesday	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	"
	Wednesday	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	"
	Thursday	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	"
	Friday	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	"
NORMAL	Saturday	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	Recreation
	Monday	Study	Study	Study	Study	Study	Study	Exerc.	Exerc.	Exerc.	Recre.	Study
	Tuesday	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	"
	Wednesday	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	"
	Thursday	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	"
VOCATIONAL All First Years and Home Science Second Year	Friday	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	"
	Saturday	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	Recreation
	Monday	Study	Study	Study	Study	Exerc.	Exerc.	Exerc.	Exerc.	Exerc.	Labor	Labor
	Tuesday	"	"	"	"	Gym.	Gym.	Gym.	Gym.	Gym.	Labor	Labor
	Wednesday	"	"	"	"	Study	Study	Study	Study	Study	Labor	Labor
VOCATIONAL All Second Years except Home Science	Thursday	"	"	"	"	Exerc.	Exerc.	Exerc.	Exerc.	Exerc.	Labor	Labor
	Friday	"	"	"	"	Gym.	Gym.	Gym.	Gym.	Gym.	Study	Study
	Saturday	"	"	"	"	Study	Study	Study	Study	Study	"	"
	Monday	Study	Study	Labor	Labor	Study	Study	Exerc.	Exerc.	Exerc.	Recre.	Study
	Tuesday	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	"
FOUNDATION SCHOOL 7, 8	Wednesday	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	"
	Thursday	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	"
	Friday	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	"
	Saturday	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	Recreation
	Monday	Labor	Labor	Study	Study	Study	Study	Exerc.	Exerc.	Exerc.	Recre.	Study
FOUNDATION SCHOOL 4, 5, 6	Tuesday	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	"
	Wednesday	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	"
	Thursday	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	"
	Friday	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	"
	Saturday	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	Recreation

STANDARD PROGRAM: 8 hours (10 to 6) sleep, 8 hours lessons and study, 2 hours labor, 1 to 3 hours exercise, 1 to 3 hours other recreation.

*5th, Study.

MISS MYRTLE'S STORY

By FLORA DELL

"Yes, I have had one strange experience," Miss Myrtle smiled reminiscently, as the girls pleaded for a story. "Myra, a school chum of mine, wrote for me to visit her at her hotel home in the west, and tired with my social duties, I accepted. On the journey I pictured her in the ordinary country town hotel; antique accommodations, fat, bald-headed proprietor, cold baths from a water pitcher, and sundry other unpleasant features."

"Imagine my amazement on my arrival, after Myra's cordial reception, at being received in an exchange almost luxurious in appointment, supplemented by the most up-to-date sleeping apartments, private baths, push buttons and all modern conveniences. I retired early the first night in order to secure a long rest, and be prepared for the pleasure of the next day. I drew a long sigh of comfort as I nestled down between the cool, clean sheets and prepared for a night of sound sleep. I think I had just lost consciousness when I awoke with the sensation that some one was in the room. I was not naturally nervous, but the feeling that now had me in its grip was one of distinct fear. When fairly awake I bounded out of bed, snapped on the electric light and made a hurried survey of the room. With the full return to consciousness I became aware of a soft sound, like deep, regular breathing, a strange, elusive sound, seeming at one minute behind me and the next to come from the center of the room. Completely baffled in my efforts to locate it, I began to think I was the victim of some practical joke, or else suffering from an unusual attack of indigestion. Deciding that the latter was not probable, I went back to bed, determined to finish my rest; but even with an effort to drown the sound by burying my head in the sheets, I could still hear the regular movements, sometimes low and soft, and again seemingly labored and rapid over the bed, as my fevered imagination cloathed it in various impossible shapes."

"I cannot tell how long I lay nervously wakeful, when I suddenly saw a soft ray of light on the window frame, and the sweet twitter of a bird on a tree outside my window appraised me of the approach of dawn, and with other welcome indications of approaching morning I lost the sound and my fear of it and drifted into a heavy sleep."

"The next day I decided to say nothing about my experience, as it might bring ridicule upon me, and I passed a pleasant day with the decision firmly rooted of banishing the whole affair from my mind. I retired after a jolly evening, ready to laugh at my experience of the previous night."

"Whether the subject refused to be dismissed and my mind dwelt unconsciously upon it in my slumbers, I do not know, but about midnight I found myself once more sitting upright in the bed, clutching the bedclothes tightly and listening to the same deep, regular breathing of the night before."

"Once more I brought the electric light into play; once more made a determined detour of the room, when suddenly—was it my imagination, or had the breathing really assumed a different tone? It seemed to be coming in gasps—like the last labored breath of life—it seemed close at my back. I made one leap toward the door—the gasping sounded in my ears. With a spasmodic grip I turned the handle and slipped into the wide hall. Myra's room was down the corridor, and I flew toward it, but had gone but a short distance when a hand gripped my shoulder, and I fell in an unconscious heap—at Myra's feet."

"Prof. and Mrs. Dodge have a commodious house in building on Jackson Street, which is expected to be ready for occupancy in November. The arrangement of rooms is substantially their own; but the fine architectural drawings were made by our C. B. Lindsley. The plan is much admired and the view of Berea's hills and valleys is the most charming. For the present Prof. and Mrs. Dodge are in the house lately owned by Professor Calfee."

PAINT LICK ITEMS

Paint Lick, Sept. 6.—Mr. Floyd Flanigan of Kansas, Ill., visited here with his father-in-law, Mr. Robert Peters, last week.—Mrs. M. J. Maffay sold her property here in Wallaceton to Mr. Jack Kidd of Lowell, last Thursday.—The drought continues here. Stock water is scarce.—Mr. and Mrs. James Guinn attended church at Scaffold Cane, Sunday; also Mr. John Guinn and Miss Mary Guinn.—Mrs. Addie Gentry visited her brother, Burt Soper at Lancaster last week.—Mrs. Susie Holcomb visited her nephew, Will Renfro, at Point Leveille, Thursday and Friday last.—Moses Hugens of Lowell has rented Dan Botkins' store house, recently vacated by Charles Brown, and will put in a new stock of goods soon.—Meeting closed Sunday night at the Baptist church with nine additions.—Mrs. Sue Wallace visited on her way to Middleboro with her brother, R. H. Soper and her sister, Mrs. Addie Gentry, also with her uncles, Mr. Eli Baker and Mr. James Baker of this place.—The Misses Doris and Grace Gentry visited friends and relatives on Red Lick last week.

For Others.

The selfish spirit is utterly at variance with the spirit and the mind of Christ. Every man for somebody else, is the battle cry of the Lord's hosts. "Go ye into all the world and preach my gospel to every creature," is expressive of the divine intentions concerning the spirit and attitude of his children toward mankind without, everywhere. By the law of nature and the law of the government of God, every man is debtor to the other man. It is a serious thing to be charged with eternal responsibility for the other man. Every one either helps or hinders the other one. What if one be found a stumbling-block instead of a light-bearer, a teacher and guide for the other man?

Death of Youthful Japanese Emperor.

According to a Spanish writer on Japan, the most pathetic suicide recorded in the history of that country took place over eight centuries ago.

"In 1181," writes Señor Gomez Carillo, "the nine-year-old Emperor Kotoku saw his troops defeated. The child disheveled his hair, wept copiously, and invoked the holy name of Buddha. When he had finished his nurse, Nilidono took him in her arms to the seashore. 'There is a lovely city beneath the bay,' she said, and then the waves covered the emperor and his nurse."

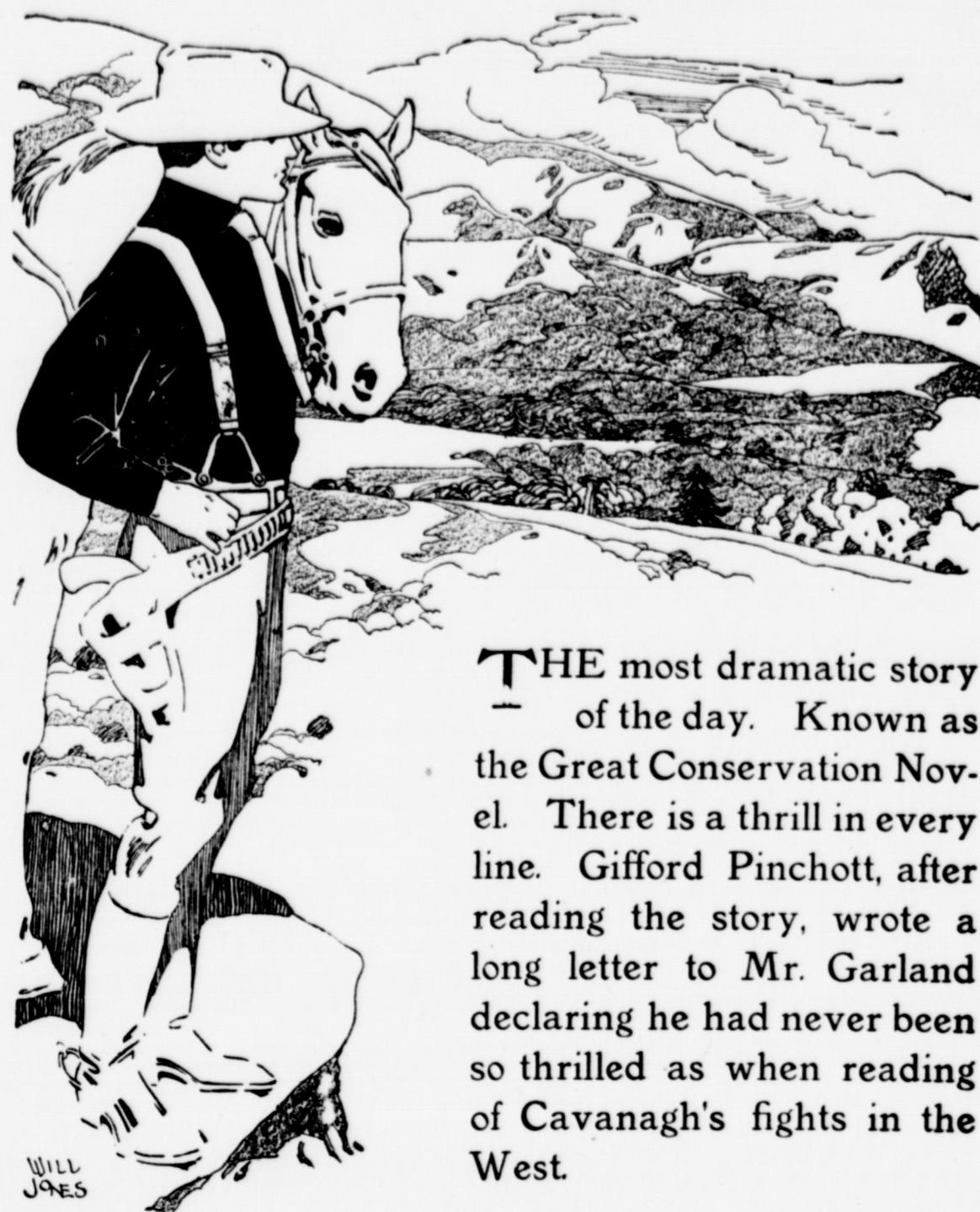
Expensive.

"How often is your motor over-hauled, Binks?" asked Dusenberry.

"Four times last month

Cavanagh: Forest Ranger

BY HAMLIN GARLAND



THE most dramatic story of the day. Known as the Great Conservation Novel. There is a thrill in every line. Gifford Pinchott, after reading the story, wrote a long letter to Mr. Garland declaring he had never been so thrilled as when reading of Cavanagh's fights in the West.

We Have Never Given Our Readers a Better Story

SYNOPSIS.

Lee Virginia Wetherford, who has been to an eastern school for years, returns to Roaring Fork. Her mother, a coarse, masculine woman, is running a shabby boarding house, where whisky is sold without license.

Lee meets Ross Cavanagh, forest ranger, and Forest Supervisor Redfield. Cavanagh and Lee become interested in each other.

Liz Wetherford, Lee's mother, becomes ill. Lee starts in to improve the character of the boarding house. Cavanagh and Redfield compliment her.

Gregg, a ranchman, threatens Cavanagh. Lee is disgusted with her surroundings. Lee ceases her illicit whisky selling. Mrs. Redfield invites Lee to visit Elk Lodge.

Redfield tells Lee about Cavanagh's interesting career and explains the work and trouble of the timber service.

Lee is delighted with the culture shown at Elk Lodge. Cavanagh rides sixty miles to spend the evening with her.

Cavanagh's love for Lee grows. Mrs. Redfield likes Lee, but dislikes her mother and thinks Cavanagh's love affair is foolish.

The doctor orders Lee to cease work and diet herself. She rebels. Cavanagh arrests Gregg's son and a stranger named Edwards as poachers.

Roaring Fork rowdies attempt to rescue the prisoners, but Lee and Lee arm themselves and help Cavanagh.

They drive away the roughs, and Cavanagh carries his prisoners to Judge Higley for trial.

Edwards, whose fine has been paid, joins Cavanagh at his cabin. He tells Cavanagh he is Ed Wetherford. Lee's father, Lee thinks he is dead.

Cavanagh himself was very tired and went to bed soon after to sleep dreamlessly till daylight. He sprang from his bed and after a plunge in the stream set about breakfast, while Edwards rose from his bunk groaning and sighing and went forth to wrangle the horses, rubbing his hands and shivering as he met the keen edge of the mountain wind. When he returned breakfast was ready, and again he expressed his gratitude.

"Haven't you any sticker?" asked Cavanagh. "It looks like rain."

"No; I'm run down pretty low," he replied. "The truth is, Mr. Ranger, I blew in all my wages at roulette last week."

Ross brought out a canvas coat, well worn, but serviceable. "Take this along with you. It's likely to storm before we reach the sheep camp. And you don't look very strong. You must take care of yourself."

Edwards was visibly moved by this kindness. "Sure you can spare it?"

"Certain sure: I've another," returned the ranger curtly.

It was hardly more than sunrise as they mounted their ponies and started on their trail, which led sharply upward after they left the canyon. The wind was strong and stinging cold.

Taking pity on Edwards, who was shivering, Cavanagh turned off the trail into a sheltered nook behind some pine trees.

"How do you happen to be reduced to herding sheep?" he asked. "You look like a man who has seen better days."

Edwards, chafing his thin fingers to warm them, made reluctant answer, "It's a long story, Mr. Ranger, and it concerns a whole lot of other people—

some of them decent folks—so I'd rather not go into it."

"John Barleycorn was involved, I reckon."

"Sure thing. He's generally always in it."

"You'd better take my gloves. It's likely to snow in half an hour. Go ahead. I'm a younger man than you are."

The other made a decent show of resistance, but finally accepted the offer, saying: "You certainly are white to me. I want to apologize for making that attempt to sneak away that night. I had a powerful good reason for not staying any longer."

Ross smiled a little. "You showed bad judgment—as it turned out."

"I sure did. That girl can shoot. Her gun was steady as a doorknob. She filled the door. Where did she learn to hold a gun like that?"

"Her father taught her, so she said." "She wouldn't remember me—an old cuss like me—but I've seen her with Wetherford when she was a kidlet. I never thought she'd grow up into such a queen. She's a wonder. Lizie looked sick to me. She ought to send her girl away or get out. As you say, the Fork is no kind of a place for such a girl."

He spoke with a good deal of feeling, and the ranger studied him with deepening interest. He had taken on dignity in the heat of his protest, and in his eyes blazed something that was both manly and admirable.

"You're just the kind of a figure to catch a girl's eye. She likes you. I could see that, but you've got a good opinion of yourself. You're an educated man. Do you intend to marry her?"

"See here, Mr. Sheep Herder, you better ride on up to your camp." And Ross turned to mount his horse.

"Wait a minute," called the other man, and his voice surprised the ranger with a note of authority. "I was terribly taken with that girl, and I owe you a whole lot, but I've got to know one thing. I can see you're full of her and jealous as a bear of any other suitor. Now, I want to know whether you intend to marry her or whether you're just playing with her."

Ross was angry now. "What I intend to do is none of your business."

The other man was suddenly ablaze with passion. His form had lost its stoop. His voice was firm. "I merely want to say that if you fool that girl I'll kill you!"

Ross stared at him, quite convinced that he had gone entirely mad. "That's mighty chivalrous of you, Mr. Sheep Herder," he replied cuttingly, "but I'm at a loss to understand this sudden indignation on your part."

"You needn't be. I'm her father!"

Cavanagh fairly reeled before this retort. His head rang as if he had been struck with a club. He perceived the truth of the man's words instantly. He gasped, "Good God, man, are you Ed Wetherford?"

The answer was quick, "That's who I am!" Then his voice changed. "But I don't want the women to know I'm

deceive my girl without my being named in the funeral that will follow."

"You are only a distant and romantic figure to Lee—a part of the dead past," said Cavanagh. "She remembers you as a bold rider and a wonderfully brave and chivalrous father."

"She must never know. You must promise never to tell her."

"I promise that," Cavanagh said, and

Edwards went on:

"If I could bring something to her—prove to her I'm still a man—it might do to tell her, but I'm a branded man now and an old man, and there's no hope for me. I worked in one of the machine shops down there, and it took the life out of me. Then, too, I left a bad name here in the Fork. I know that. Those big cattlemen fooled me into taking their side of the war. I staked everything I had on them, and then they railroaded me out of the country. So, you see, I'm double-crossed, no matter where I turn."

Every word he uttered made more apparent to Cavanagh that Lee Virginia would derive nothing but pain and disheartenment from a knowledge that her father lived. "She must be spared this added burden of shameful inheritance," he decided.

The other man seemed to understand something of the ranger's indignity, for he repeated: "I want you to swear not to let Lee know I'm alive, no matter what comes. She must not be saddled with my record. Give her go on thinking well of me. Give me your word." He held out an instant palm.

Ross yielded his hand, and in spite of himself his tenderness for the broken man deepened. The sky was darkening in the west, and with a glance upward, he said, "I reckon we'd better make your camp soon or you'll be chilled to the bone."

They mounted hastily and rode away, each feeling that his relationship to the other had completely changed. Wetherford marveled over the evident culture and refinement of the ranger. "He's none too good for her, no matter who he is," he said.

CHAPTER XIV.

PLAQUE AND MURDER.

UPON leaving timber line Cavanagh and Wetherford entered upon a wide and sterile slope high on the rocky breast of the great peak whose splintered crest lorded the range. Snow fields lay all about, and a few feet higher up the canyons were filled with ice. It was a savage and tempest swept spot in which to pitch a tent, but there among the rocks shivered the minute canvas home of the shepherd, and close beside it, guarded by a lone dog and lying like a thick spread flock of rime boulders (almost unnoticeable in their silent immobility) huddled the sheep.

"There's your house," shouted Ross to Wetherford.

The older man, with white face of dismay, looked about him, unable to make reply.

"Hello, there!" shouted Ross, wondering at the absence of human life about the camp. "Hello, the house!"

Receiving no answer to his call, he rode to Wetherford. "Looks as if Ambro has pulled in and left the colt to tend the flock. He's been kind of seedy for some days."

Dismounting, he approached the tent.

The colt, who knew him, seemed to understand his errand, for he leaped upon him as if to kiss his cheek. Ross put him down gently. "You're almost too glad to see me, old fellow. I wonder how long you've been left here alone."

Thereupon he opened the tied flap, but started back with instant perception of something wrong, for there, on his pile of ragged quilts, lay the Basque herder, with flushed face and rolling eyes, crazed with fever and entirely helpless. "You'd better not come in here, Wetherford," Ross warned. "Joe is here, horribly sick, and I'm afraid it's something contagious. It may be smallpox."

Wetherford receded a step. "Smallpox! What makes you think that?"

"Well, these Basques have been having it over in their settlement, and besides, it smells like it." He listened a moment. "I'm afraid Joe's in for it. He's crazy with it. But he's a human being, and we can't let him die here alone. You rustle some wood for the stove, and I'll see what I can do for him."

Wetherford was old and wasted and thin bloodied, but he had never been a coward, and in his heart there still burned a small flame of his youthful, reckless, generous daring. Pushing Cavanagh one side, he said with firm decision: "You keep out of there. I'm the one to play nurse. This is my job."

"Nonsense! I am younger and stronger than you."

"Get away!" shouted the older man.

"Gregg hired me to do this work, and it doesn't matter whether I live or die. But you've got something to do in the world. My girl needs you, and she doesn't need me, so get out of here and stay out. Go bring me that wood and I'll go in and see what's the matter."

Cavanagh looked him in the face an instant. "Very well," said he. "I'll do as you say. There's no use of our both taking chances."

It was beginning to rain, and the tent was dark and desolate but as the fire in the little stove commenced to snarl and the smoke to pour out of the pipe the small domesole took on cheer. Wetherford knew how to care for the sick and in the shelter of the canvas wall developed unforeseen vigor and decision. It was amazing to Cavanagh to witness his change of manner.

Soon a pan of water was steaming, and some hot stones were at the sufferer's feet, and when Wetherford ap-

peared at the door of the tent his face was almost happy. "Kill a sheep. There isn't a thing but a heel of bacon and a little flour in the place."

Twenty miles of most difficult trail lay between Cavanagh's cabin and this spot. To carry the sick man on his horse would not only be painful to the sufferer, but dangerous to the rescuer, for if the Basque were really ill

of smallpox contagion would surely follow. On the other hand, to leave him to die here unaided seemed inhuman, impossible.

"There is only one thing to do," he called to Wetherford, "and that is for me to ride back to the station and bring up some extra bedding and my own tent and so camp down beside you."

"All right, but remember I've established a quarantine. I'll crack your head if you break over the line an inch."

There was no longer any feeling of reaching up or reaching down between the two men—they were equals.

Wetherford, altogether admirable, stood in the doorway of the tent confronting the ranger. "This Basque ain't much of a find; but, as you say, he's human, and we can't let him lie here and die. I'll stay with him till you can find a doctor or till he dies."

"I take off my hat to you," responded Cavanagh. "You are a man."

Once back at his cabin after leaving Wetherford, Cavanagh set himself to cooking some food to take back with him to the peak. He brought in his pack horse and burdened him with camp outfit and utensils and extra clothing. He filled his pockets with such medicines as he possessed, and so at last, just as night was falling, he started back over his difficult trail.

Wetherford met him at the door, no longer the poor old tramp, but a priest, one who has devoted himself to Christ's service.

"How is he?" asked the ranger.

"Delirious," replied the herder. "I've had to hold him to his bed. I'm glad you've come. It's lonesome up here. Don't come too near. Set your tent down there by the trees. I can't have you infected. Keep clear of me and this camp."

"I've got some food and some extra clothing for you."

"Put 'em down here, and in the morning drive these sheep away. That noise disturbs the dago, and I don't like it myself; they sound lonesome and helpless. That dog took 'em away for awhile, but brought 'em back again. Poor devil, he don't know what to think of it all."

Ross did as Wetherford commanded him to do and withdrew a little way down the slope and without putting up his tent rolled himself in his blankets and went to sleep.

The ranger's first duty in the morning was to feed the faithful collie and send him forth with the flock. His next was to build a fire and cook some breakfast for Wetherford, and as he put it down beside the tent door he heard the wild pleading of the Basque who was struggling with his nurse, doubtless in the belief that he was being kept a prisoner. Only a few words like "go home" and "sheep" were intelligible to either the nurse or the ranger.

Cavanagh waited till a silence came, then called softly, "Here's your breakfast, Wetherford."

"Move away," retorted the man within. "Keep your distance."

Ross walked away a little space, and Wetherford came to the door. "The dago is sure sick. There's no two ways about that. How far is it to the nearest doctor?"

"I could reach one by phone from the Kettle ranch, about twenty miles below here."

"If he don't get better today I reckon we'll have to have a doctor." He looked so white and old that Cavanagh said:

"You need rest. Now, I think I've had the smallpox. I know I've been vaccinated, and if you go to bed!"

"If you're saying all that preliminary to offering to come in here you're wasting your breath. I don't intend to let you come any nearer than you are. There is work for you to do. Besides, there's my girl. You're detailed to look after her."

"Would a doctor come?" asked Ross quite huskily, moved by Wetherford's words. "It's a hard climb. Would they think the dago worth it?"

Wetherford's face darkened with a look of doubt. "It is a hard trip for a city man, but maybe he would come for you—for the government."

"I doubt it, even if I were to offer my next month's salary as a fee. These hills are very remote to the townsfolk and one dago more or less of no importance, but I'll see what I can do."

Ross was really more concerned for Wetherford himself than for the Basque. "If the fever is something malignant we must have medical aid," he said and went slowly back to his own camp to ponder his puzzling problem.

One thing could certainly be done, and that was to inform Gregg and Murphy of their herder's illness. Surely they would come to the rescue of the colt and his flock. To reach a telephone involved either a ride over to Deer Creek or a return to the Fork. He was tempted to ride all the way to the Fork, for to do so would permit another meeting with Lee. But to do this would require many hours longer, and half a day's delay might prove fatal to the Basque, and, besides, each hour of loneliness and toll rendered Wetherford just so much more open to the deadly attack of the disease.

It was hard to leave an old and broken man in such a drear and wind contested spot, and yet it had to be done; so, fastening his tent securely behind a clump of junipers, Cavanagh mounted his horse and rode away across the boundary of the forest into Deer Creek basin, which had been the bone of much contention for nearly four years. It had once been part of the forest, but under pressure the pres-

ent had permitted it to be restored to the public land in the entry. It was not, "small grounds," as certain ranchers claimed, but it was excellent summer pasture, and the sheepmen and cattlemen had leaped at once into warfare to possess it. Sheep were beaten to death with clubs by hundreds, herders were hustled out of the park with ropes about their necks and their outfits destroyed, and all this within a few miles of the forest boundary, where one small sentinel kept effective watch and ward.

Cavanagh had never been over this trail but once, and he was trying to locate the cliff from which a flock of sheep had been hurled by cattlemen some years before when he perceived a thin column of smoke rising from a rocky hillside. With habitual watchfulness as to fire, he raised his glass to his eyes and studied the spot. It was evidently a campfire and smoldering dangerously, and,

CHICKENS DUCKS and TURKEYS

The KITCHEN CABINET



CARING FOR MOULTING HENS

To Hurry Fowls Along They Must Be Fed Liberally—Feed Them Mash and Plenty of Grain.

Some people make a dreadful fuss about the poor moulting hen, while this moulting process is just as natural as it is for a hen to live and breathe and no more critical than the laying stunt, provided the hens are fed enough to keep up the waste of the body and at the same time manufacture the new feathers, says the Field and Farm. The sooner the feathers are grown the sooner the eggs will come and to hurry them along as far as possible the fowls should be fed liberally. Give them all the mash they will eat and a good feeding of grain at night.

To many folks it looks like throwing away money to practice heavy feeding while no eggs are coming in, but this is one of the secrets of getting winter eggs. The moulting season is the most critical period in the life of a hen. Growth of new feathers is a heavy strain on vitality. As the hen is fed on the average ranch it requires from two to four months to recover from the effects of it.

By giving the necessary materials with which to make the feathers so that a hen will not have to take them from the tissues of her body, she will be ready for work as soon as she has her new plumage and often before. Pullets should be handled in the same way. They are not yet fully developed and will not begin to lay until the amount of food they consume is enough to support growth with a surplus to go into something else.

SECURE PROFIT FROM DUCKS

Eggs Can Be Sold at High Prices and There Is Always Good Demand for Their Feathers.

A nice flock of ducks increases the profits on the farm every year. The eggs can be sold in the spring at good prices, for setting, and there is always a good sale for feathers.

They are much less trouble than chickens or turkeys because they seldom die from any kind of disease. Ducks will always take care of themselves after they have been hatched a short time. As soon as the ducks are large enough to eat, sprinkle thick curd in their boxes. Shallow vessels should be used for watering.

A good plan is to fill a flat pan



Trio of Colored Rouen Ducks.

nearly full of pebbles, and pour in water. They will drink in the little pools between the pebbles and be kept from getting too wet. After they are three to four weeks old water will not hurt them.

The Pekins, Rouens and Indian Runners are the three most popular breeds, the latter being a perfect egg machine, but small in size. The Pekins lay well and are excellent table ducks, making a very desirable market duck. They weigh: Adult drakes, 8 pounds; young drakes, 7; ducks, 7, and young ducks, 6. In all there are ten varieties of standard bred ducks.

ARE THE TRUE MISSIONARIES

They Who Do Not Hide Their Love and Sympathy When It Is Most Needed.

Love and sympathy are common enough, perhaps, but oh how pitifully slow they sometimes are to gladden our homes! Families will go through life loving each other, ready to make almost any sacrifice for each other, and yet holding back the expression of this love and readiness to serve, as though they were something to be ashamed of and concealed. Now and then, in time of great strain or anguish, the crust will be broken for a brief instant, and the heart will reveal itself. But a return to the normal conditions, and the love—the sunshine—will be overshadowed by a cloud of reserve, abiding just as strong and true, perhaps, but not familiar enough for everyday use. Not all are like this, thank God! There are some whose lives are as open and sunny as days in June, and between whom and those around them there is no timidity and lack of frankness. Such as these are true missionaries in the world, rising above reserve and misgiving and repining, and making all around them more beautiful and glad by the sunny inspiration of their presence.

Build Up Utility.

There is only one way to build up the utility of a flock and that is by careful selection. If each year we save only the eggs from the very best layers for hatching purposes, each generation will become better layers. This work can be greatly assisted by obtaining males from a heavy laying strain.

INTENSIVE FARMING

Conducted by FRANK S. MONTGOMERY, M.S., Instructor in Animal Husbandry, and Special Investigator.

Smaller Corn Stocks But More of Them

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Veal, though one of our expensive meats just now, may be used to add variety to the table, buying one slice from the leg, brown it well and place on a layer of carrots, turnip, onion and potato. Sprinkle with celery and pour over all the browned gravy, slightly thickened with flour. Bake slowly until tender.

Steak may be browned and cooked with onions, tomato or mushrooms, giving a variety in serving it. We are prone to tire of certain ways of serving dishes, though we think it is the food itself of which we are tired.

Tongue which has been corned, if cooked for several hours, with seasonings, a teaspoonful of Worcester sauce, a few drops of tabasco, half a cup of seeded raisins and a pint of beef stock, will be delicious and tender. The tongue may be removed to a platter and the sauce poured around it.

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East Kentucky Correspondence News You Get Nowhere Else

No correspondence published unless signed in full by the writer. The name is not for publication, but as an evidence of good faith. Write plainly.

JACKSON COUNTY MCKEE

McKee, Sept. 8.—Circuit Court is still in session here. Ruford Fowler, charged with the murder of John M. Moore on the day of the last Primary election, was convicted today and sentenced to the penitentiary for life. Green Eversole was sentenced to the penitentiary for an indeterminate sentence of one to five years. He was charged with misrepresenting his financial affairs to certain parties in order to get them to sign his mail bond.—Mr. N. U. Bond, President of the Rockcastle River Railroad Co., was in town today on business.—Gran and Stanley Engle left for Berea today where they will attend College this year.—Fairy Reynolds also went but she intends to take a Normal course.—Charley Lainhart has returned from Hamilton where he has been working.—Work is progressing nicely on the new jail.—John C. Eversole, Judge Henry Moore and Green Wilson of Booneville were in town today on business.—J. C. Russell and son, Ed, were in town today.—Miss Park gave a party to a number of young friends last Monday night which was enjoyed by all present.—The following marriage licenses were issued the last week: J. R. Sloane, 32, Foxtown; Lotte Gabbard, 29, Foxtown; Ned McHone, 59, Big Hill, Catherine McDaniel, 23, Carico; J. B. Isaacs, 56, Clover Bottom, Matilda Isaacs, 21, Clover Bottom; W. J. Miller, 47, Jenks, Maudie Tackett, 18, Alcorn.

ISAACS

Isaacs, Sept. 6.—The weather continues dry and rain is needed very much.—R. E. Taylor, who has typhoid, is improving greatly.—Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Pennington have a fine baby boy.—Mr. and Mrs. Charlie Price are the proud parents of a fine baby girl.—Mrs. Nannie Allen and little daughter of Columbus, Ind., are visiting relatives near Berea this week.—Our school at Pigeon Roost is progressing nicely. The teacher, Mrs. Tillie York, is doing some fine work for the little ones.—George Riley is very poorly at this writing.—Mrs. Mary McIntosh and Mrs. Mary E. Purkey visited Mrs. Evaline Moore, Wednesday evening.—Mrs. Delia Denham of Moores Creek is very low. Her son, Grover, of Cincinnati, O., is with her now.—Tom Brewer who is working at Hazel Patch is expecting to visit home folks, Saturday.—The Teachers' Association held in Division No. 3, at the Cornett's Chapel, was one of the most successful associations ever held in Jackson County. There was a large crowd and plenty of good dinner for every one.—Miss Lizzie Hurley's school marched to the grounds and took an active part in the association.—Miss Susie Watson visited her sister, Mrs. Sarah Davis, last week.—Several children in this neighborhood have whooping cough.—The Misses Bertha and Rena Taylor are planning to visit Mrs. Minnie Little's school.—Bessie, the little daughter of R. E. Taylor, is very sick.

CARICO

Carico, Sept. 8.—The Messrs. Wm. Belcher, Johnie Wells and Joe Johnson are in these parts buying cattle.—Wm. Baker and R. Sumers have bought Elijah Angel's saw mill and are now running it.—Henry Evans was visiting on Laurel Fork, Sunday.—Born to Mr. and Mrs. George Baker, a fine boy. They call him James.—Mrs. Nannie Baker was visiting at S. R. Roberts, Sunday.—The son of Isaac Sumers who was taken to Berea for an operation, is improving slowly.—S. R. Roberts sold one two year old heifer last week for \$35.—John Sumers made a business trip to Winchester the 3rd.—The dry weather continues in this section.—Meeting began the 7th conducted by Brother Marshall, and continues until the 14th. There is good attendance so far.—Mrs. Orbin Smith returned home, Sunday. She has been with her sick husband and reports him improving slowly.—Married the 6th inst., Mr. Ned McHone of Berea to Miss Catherine McDaniel of Carico. Uncle Ned has captured one of the best girls in Jackson County. We are sorry to give her up but do sincerely appreciate his good luck and wish them much happiness.

NATHANSON

Nathanton, Sept. 6.—Thomas West from near Irvine has been visiting friends in this neighborhood during the past few days.—Mrs. I. M. Holcomb and family of Oklahoma returned, Tuesday, from a month's visit with relatives at this place.—Church services were held at this place Wednesday night by Rev. John Lewis of Breathitt County.—James Wells returned last week from an extended visit with relatives in Leslie County.—Robert Wood who has been visiting his son, J. A. Wood of Hamilton, dur-

Holiness People closed their revival meeting Sunday at Moril with eight additions.

BOONE

Boone, Sept. 8.—There was meeting near Boone last week conducted by the Holiness people.—Mrs. Carroll Martin is slowly recovering.—Mrs. Bettie King is reported quite sick at her home in Berea.—Mrs. Geo. Poynier is at home after visiting her daughter in Berea.—Miss Hattie Poyner attended the Institute at Mt. Vernon last week.—Joe Levett made a business trip to Slate Lick, Monday.—Lydia Levett visited friends in Berea one day last week.—Several from this place attended meeting near Brodhead, Sunday.—Andy Wren visited friends near Boone, Sunday.—Mrs. Mattie Coyle of Rockford visited her daughter, Mrs. Nora Wren, one day last week.

LAUREL COUNTY PITTSGURG

Pittsburg, Sept. 6.—The death angel visited the home of Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Gilbert on last Sunday and took their darling infant. The remains were taken to Piney Woods for interment.—Lizzie, the four year old daughter of Mr. Bob Turner, died of typhoid on the 5th inst. She had whooping cough and took typhoid after which she only lived a few days. The mother of the child is at present very low with the same disease. Also another of the children.—The wife of James McDaniel died of typhoid yesterday. She was young and beautiful. Mr. and Mrs. McDaniel had only been married a few months. The remains of Mrs. McDaniel were taken to Jackson County for burial.—There will be a box supper at the Pittsburg Graded School building on next Friday night, the proceeds to go toward

HUGH

Hugh Sept. 7.—The weather at this point is very dry and hot and dusty, crops are looking bad.—Rev. J. W. Parsons filled his regular appointment at this place, Saturday and Sunday, going from here to Sand Gap to hold a week's meeting and to be there for the association, next Friday and Saturday.—Jack Rose is very sick with something like fever.—Martin Abrams wife and two children are sick.—Mrs. Frankie Todd is very sick.—Flemont, Solen, Tom and Melvin Azbill have gone to Ohio to cut corn.—Uel and Sallie Bicknell and Maggie Azbill of Chestnut Ridge visited at Lewis VanWinkle's, Saturday night.—Tom Click has gone to Lexington on business.—Bean stringing and apple peeling are all the go now.—School at this place is progressing nicely with Mr. Edgar Rader as teacher.—R. I. Hale attended the colored people's association at Bobtown last Thursday.

ROCKCASTLE COUNTY ROCKFORD

Disputants, Sept. 6.—George Payne sold a nice bunch of calves to Jason Williams this week.—J. S. Waddle has sold his farm to Mr. Clark and expects to go to Lincoln County.—Mr. Grover is moving his boiler and engine to Perry County, where he expects to go in the stave business.—Chester Thomas visited friends at Brush Creek, Saturday and Sunday.—Mrs. Tom Anderson and children visited at her brother's last Saturday and Sunday.—Saturday and Sunday are regular meeting days at Clear Creek church.

GAULEY

Gauley, Sept. 6.—A protracted meeting was held at Union last week by Revs. Cornelius, H. L. Ponder and Parker with five additions. May the good work go on.—Ben D. Vaughn died August 30th of typhoid fever. He was buried in the Red Hill grave yard the 31st. Mr. Vaughn left three brothers and four sisters, a father and mother, and a host of friends. He was buried by the I. O. O. F. of Red Hill Lodge No. 37.—Mr. Clarence Howard is moving back from Pineville to his place near Gauley.—Our school is getting along nicely with Theo. Pigg as teacher.—Sam Miller lost one of his horses last week with bots.—J. C. Bullock is still improving slowly.—A meeting is going on at New Bethel this week conducted by Revs. Cornelius and George Childress.—The little child of Rev. H. L. Ponder has typhoid fever.—Henry Pases' baby is improving slowly.—J. C. Bullock raised an Irish potato with the following letters and figures on it: D. G. S. D. 7 C. R. D. I O 7 R. D. A. D. 70. Will some one please give the meaning of these letters?—Working the County roads is the order of the day.—Mrs. Francis McDaniel of East Bernstadt was visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Bullock this week.—Mrs. Al Vaughn is still very low with typhoid fever and not expected to live long.—L. B. Lewis is able to be out again.—Mrs. Lidda Nabb is visiting her daughter, Mrs. Andra Bullock, this week.

CLIMAX

Climax, Sept. 8.—I. Rector was visiting at Moril, Saturday and Sunday last, and was the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Jamie Ashbury.—Rev. Griffie preached at Climax School house last night. He is of Christian faith and an orator.—Mrs. Sarah L. Rector was visiting her son, D. G. Rector, at Wilde, Saturday and Sunday.—Dick Smith returned home from Paris a few days ago having had some trouble in which he was seriously hurt, but he is improving now.—The Iron Clad Baptists will hold an Association, beginning Tuesday next. Everybody cordially invited.—The

Brandenburg and left them a present of a fine girl. Her name is Viola.—J. W. Moore and his son, Bill, Mr. and Mrs. Shelton Deaton and W. J. Moore visited friends and relatives in Jackson County from Thursday till Monday.—Mr. and Mrs. G. W. Brandenburg of Monica are visiting their son at Fillmore this week.

ESTILL COUNTY LOCUST BRANCH

Locust Branch, Sept. 6.—We are having hot, dry weather here; rain is needed very badly.—Mrs. Mollie Bicknell has returned home after a two weeks' visit with her mother of Illinois.—Weed Gentry and sister visited friends and relatives of Cincinnati last week.—A protracted meeting will begin here at Beaver Pond church the third Saturday and Sunday in Sept. Everybody is invited to come.—Everybody is having a nice time for drying apples in this vicinity.—Dora Gentry and her sister Gracie, visited Mrs. Abbie Gentry Friday night.—Bob Elliott of Ohio came home this week to see his mother and father, who have been sick.—Mr. and Mrs. Amos Johnson visited Mr. and Mrs. Flem Campbell last Sunday.

NEWS ITEMS FROM THE COUNTIES

LETCHER COUNTY

Judge J. P. Lewis and Circuit Court Clerk Stephen Combs and brother John Combs were in Berea this week making arrangements for their children to attend school.

MAGOFFIN COUNTY

The Meadows of Licking Estate was sold to Harris Howard last week for \$26,675.

KNOTT COUNTY

The Hindman School is in session again. A number of its last year graduates are attending Berea.

Get in and Ride

I was trudging one day down a dusty road
While my back was curved under a bit of a load.
And the way was long and my feet were sore,
And my bones ached under the load I bore;
But I struggled on in the summer's heat
Then, resting a bit I shouldered my load,
And wended my way down the dusty road.
The morning stretched into the afternoon—
My Journey's end seemed as far as the moon;
Till at length a horse and a wagon drew near,
And my heart revived with a spark of cheer.
But the man saw only his own small soul,
And the narrow way to his narrow goal,
And he whipped his horse a guilty trot,
Though the sand was deep and the day was hot,
And he passed me by on the dusty road,
And I sank still lower beneath my load.
Yet out of the dust came another man,
With a grizzled beard and a cheek of tan,
And he pulled up short, and he gayly cried:
"I say there, comrade, get in and ride!"
And he placed my bundle behind the seat,
And he said, "Climb in here an' rest your feet;
I never pass by a man on the road,
An' speshly, friend, if he's got a load."
And my feet were rested, my heart was light;
And I blessed the driver who gayly cried:
"I say there, comrade, get in and ride!"
Ah! The world is full of sore-footed men
Who need a slight lift every now and again,
And the angels can see through the white cloud rift
All the God-like souls who give them a lift.

—The Boston Herald.

paying for a piano for the school. A short program has been prepared and we hope to make the time enjoyable to all present. All invited.

LEE COUNTY FILLMORE

Fillmore, Sept. 5.—Crops are looking dead in part of the neighborhood.—Lawrence Barker who was shot last week is improving slowly.—Dick Back's boy who was bitten by a snake last week is improving slowly.—J. W. Moore and W. J. Moore and children have all gone to Jackson County to a big association this week.—Rev. Ed Boggs will fill his regular appointment at the mouth of Middle Fork Creek, Saturday and Sunday.—Joe Moore went squirrel hunting, Friday, and killed nine.—Mr. and Mrs. Jesse Lucas visited W. J. Moore, Monday.—J. W. Moore and Joe Barker are putting up a saw mill and will be ready to go to sawing in a few days.

Fillmore, Sept. 9.—The Farmers have begun cutting their corn.—Lawrence Barker who was accidentally shot a few days ago is improving nicely.—A fine boy was born to the wife of Elijah Moore. His name is Ralph. Lige wears a broad grin.—Jesse, the little son of Dick and Malissa Back, who was bitten by a copperhead snake, is very poorly at this time.—The little son of Wm. King, who has been down several weeks with bone scrofula, is slowly improving.—J. W. Moore and Joe Barker are rebuilding their saw mill which was destroyed by fire last spring.—The stork visited the home of Morgan

PERRY COUNTY

Miss Pettit is setting up her saw mill at Pine Mountain for the new school. The boiler was hauled over the mountains by six yoke of oxen. Horace McSwain who graduated in agriculture at Berea last June, will have charge of the agricultural work in the new school.

HARLAN COUNTY

Mr. Green Morris was shot and killed by his nephew, Green Campbell of Forked Mouth Creek, last week. Drinks and anger were the causes.

REV. KNIGHT RESUMES EXTENSION WORK IN THE MOUNTAINS

Brother Knight whose remarkable Extension work has been pushed this summer in the Eastern counties, came back to Berea for the opening of the Fall Term and has been detained by the illness of Mrs. Knight. She is now improving, so he can resume work.

His delayed appointments will be:

Knott County, Caney Creek, right fork of Beaver, District No. 7, Thursday and Friday nights, Sept. 18, 19.

Floyd County, Salt Lick Church House, Beaver Creek, Sunday, Monday and Tuesday, Sept. 21, 22, 23.

San Hale School House, Middle Creek, Wednesday, Thursday and Friday, Sept. 24, 25, 26.

Bonanza, Abbott Creek, Baptist Church, Saturday, Sunday, and Monday, Sept. 27, 28, 29.

Magoffin County, Foyton Baptist Church, Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday, Sept. 30, Oct. 1, 2.

BEREA BANK & TRUST CO.

Report of the Condition of THE BEREA BANK & TRUST CO. doing business at the town of Berea, county of Madison, the State of Kentucky, at the close of business on the 4th day of Sept. 1913.

RESOURCES

Loans and Discounts.....	\$97,212.20
Reserve in Banks.....	22,185.99
Cash in the safe.....	4,478.42
Checks and other cash items.....	116.05
Overdrafts secured and unsecured.....	569.05
Banking House and Lot.....	13,502.40
Buildings and Fixtures.....	3,829.12
State Warrants.....	300.00
TOTAL.....	\$142,193.23

LIABILITIES

Capital Stock paid in, in cash.....	\$ 25,000.00
Surplus Fund.....	5,000.00
Net Profits since Jan. 1st.....	2,601.14
Individual Deposits.....	109,019.04
Cashier's checks outstanding.....	573.05
Total.....	\$142,193.23

STATE OF KENTUCKY, ¹ Set.

We, A. Isaacs and John F. Dean, President and Cashier of the above named Bank, do solemnly swear that the above statement is true to the best of our knowledge and belief.

A. ISAACS, President.

JOHN F. DEAN, Cashier.

G. D. Holliday, Notary Public.

Correct—Attest:

R. H. CHRISMAN, J. K. BAKER, J. W. STEPHENS, Directors.

HEAD-ON COLLISION

CINCINNATI MARKETS

Corn—No. 2 white 79 1/2@79c, No. 1 white 76 1/2@77c, No. 2 yellow 78 1/2@79c, No. 1 yellow 78 1/2@79c, No. 2 mixed 77 1/2@78c, No. 3 mixed 77c, No. 4 mixed 75 1/2@76 1/2c, mixed ear 77 1/2@78c, yellow ear 78 1/2@80c, white ear 77 1/2@80c.

Hay—No. 1 timothy \$19.25@19.50 standard timothy \$18@18.50, No. 2 timothy \$16.50@16.75, No. 3 timothy \$14.50@16.50, No. 1 clover mixed \$16@16.25, No. 2 clover mixed \$14@14.50, No. 1 clover \$14@14.50, No. 2 clover \$11@12.50.

Oats—No. 2 white 44 1/2c, standard 44 1/2c, No. 3 white 43 1/2c@44c, No. 4 white 42@43c, No. 2 mixed 42 1/2@43c, No. 3 mixed 42@42 1/2c, No. 4 mixed 41 1/2c.